

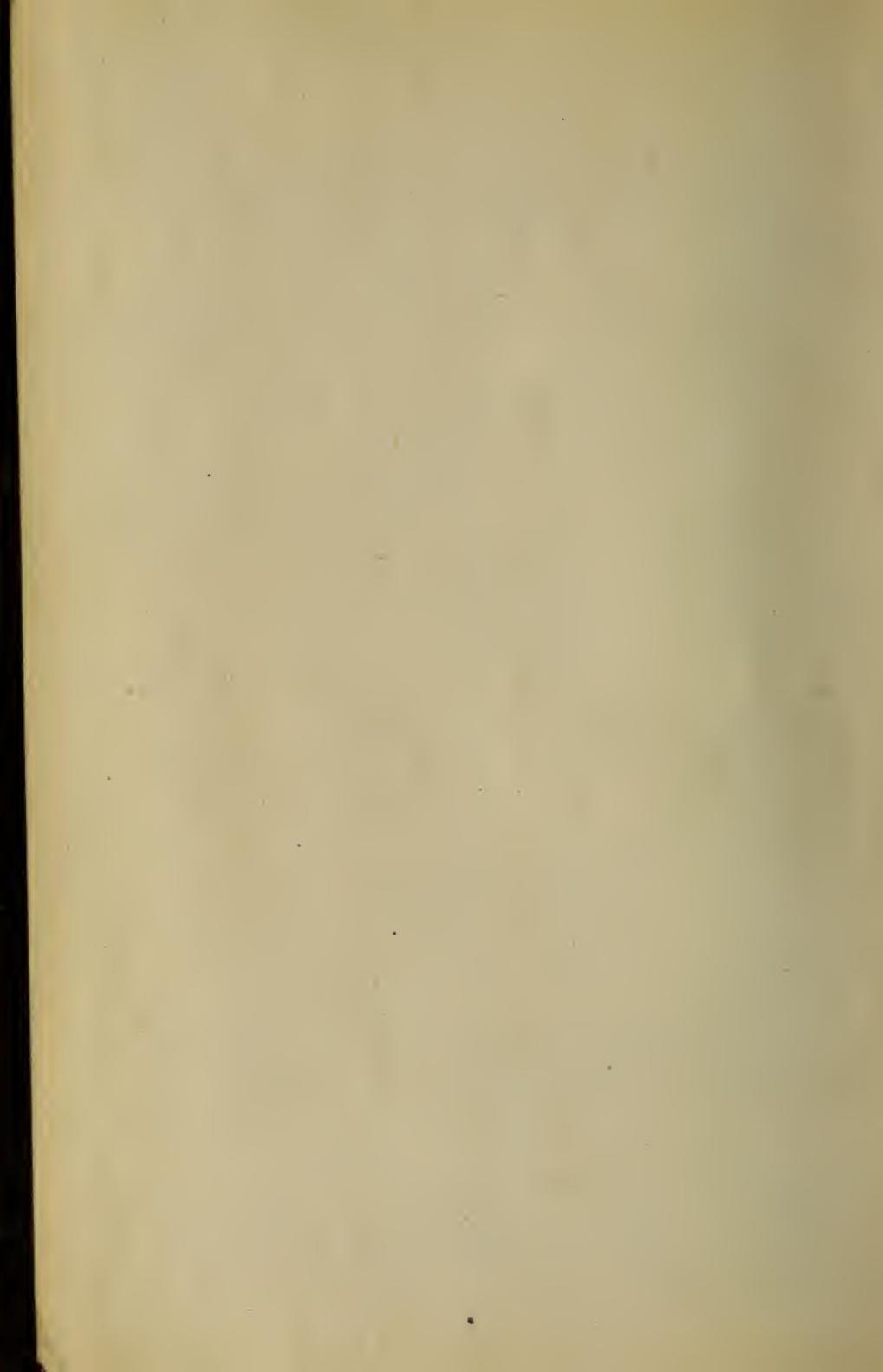
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





And now abideth faith hope and charity

John Franklin.

J. B. Hunt.

London.

Frederick Warne & Co. Bedford Street, Covent Garden

SONGS:

SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL.

EDITED AND SELECTED BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

AUTHOR OF "DEVOTIONAL MELODIES," "SABBATH RECREATIONS,"
"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?" ETC.



LONDON:
FREDERICK WARNE & CO.,
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1866.

✓

P.T. 11
B.M.

To

The Memory of

My Dear Son,

Joseph Marshall Carpenter,

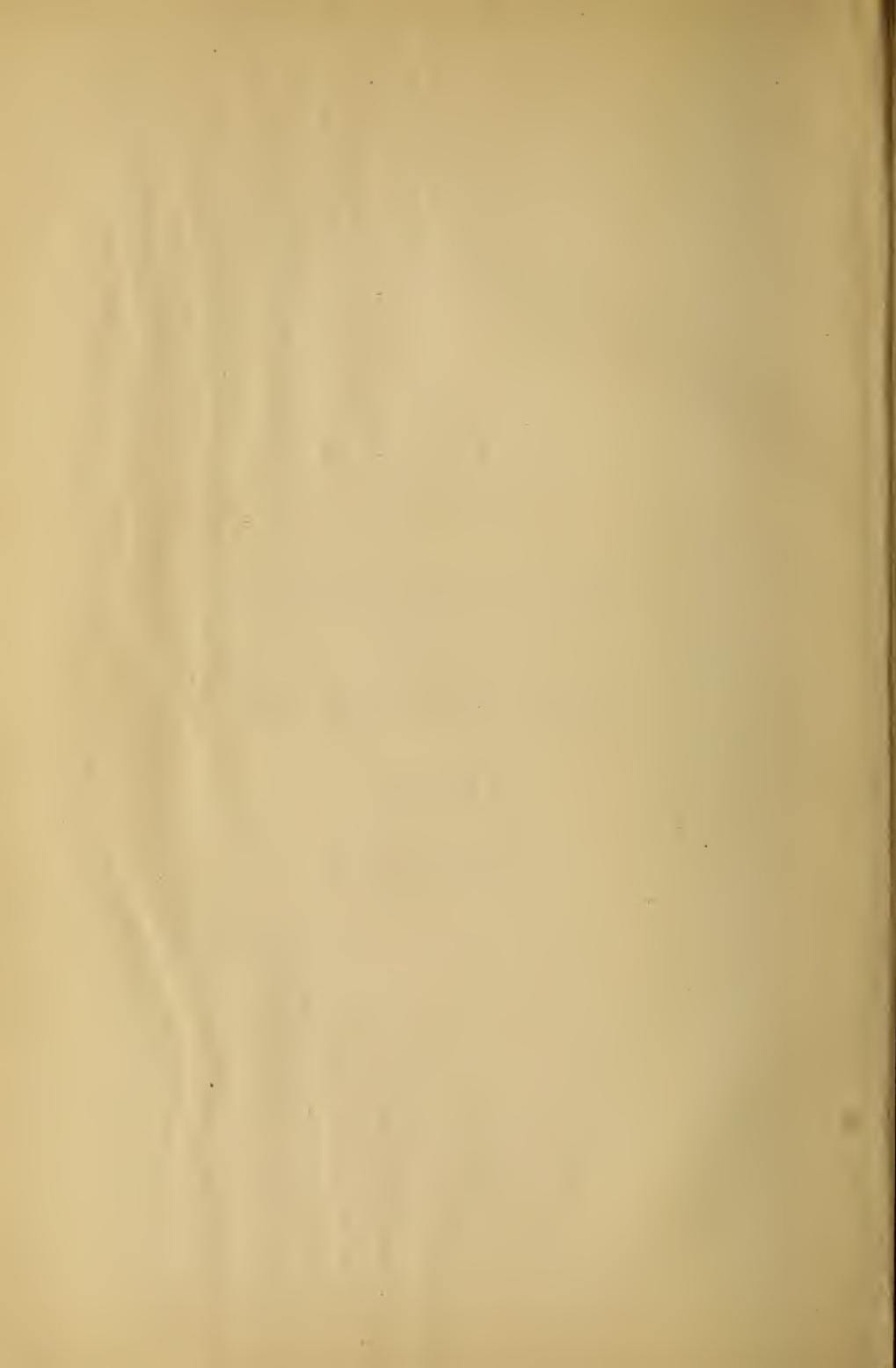
in the faith that he has realised his dying words,

"I believe that there is a tangible heaven,"

I Dedicate

the following pages.

J. E. CARPENTER.



P R E F A C E.

THE SACRED AND DEVOTIONAL SONG Book will be found to differ from most other compilations of sacred verse, inasmuch as it will comprise, with but few exceptions, only such pieces as have been set to original music, or are capable of being sung to well-known and approved tunes. Where the airs are original, the names of the composers are given ; in the other instances, the selection of the tune is left to the judgment of the reader —a task of no great difficulty with those who are in the habit of selecting hymn tunes.

As a matter of convenience, the work is divided into two parts,—the first is composed of songs of a moral and religious tendency, inculcating some religious truth or illustrating some one of the Christian "virtues" ; the second, or devotional section, comprises only songs of a strictly religious character, in the popular acceptation of this term ; these are arranged as nearly as possible as their subjects relate to the "rites and ceremonies of the Church," as set forth in the calendar attached to the Book of Common Prayer. The hymns selected represent all the best writers in this class of literature, ancient

and modern, and it is confidently hoped that, while the sources from whence they sprung may be many and varied, it will be found that the stream is pure, and the doctrine they inculcate that founded on the broad principles of Christian faith.

To those high dignitaries of the Church, those reverend divines, and others, as well as to the publishers, owners of the copyright of many of the songs and hymns contained in the following pages, who have so generously granted the compiler permission to include them here, he begs to tender his most grateful acknowledgments, and to express a hope that the good seed he has thus been enabled to scatter may spring up in the hearts of his readers and bear fruit abundantly.

NOTTING HILL, *August 1865.*

LIST OF AUTHORS

REFERRED TO IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

(*The dates in parentheses denote the time of original publication.*)

Authors Deceased.

				BORN	DIED
Addison, Joseph	.	.	.	1672	1719
Akenside, Mark	.	.	.	1721	1770
Austin, John, (1668)	.	.	.	—	—
Austice, Professor Joseph, (1836)	.	.	.	—	—
Burns, Robert	.	.	.	1759	1796
Bathurst, William Hiley, (1831)	.	.	.	—	—
Bayly, Thomas Haynes	.	.	.	1797	1839
Barbauld, Anna Letitia, Mrs	.	.	.	1743	1825
Brooks, Maria, Mrs	.	.	.	1795	1845
Bowles, Rev. William Lisle	.	.	.	1762	1850
Browne, Rev. Simon	.	.	.	—	1732
Bakewell, John, (1760)	.	.	.	—	—
Bowdler, John, (1814)	.	.	.	—	—
Berridge, John, (1785)	.	.	.	—	—
Byron, Lord	.	.	.	1788	1824
Bruce, Michael	.	.	.	1746	1767
Beddome, Benjamin, (1818)	.	.	.	—	—
Collyer, William Bengo, (1812)	.	.	.	—	—
Campbell, Thomas	.	.	.	1777	1844
Crashaw, Richard	.	.	.	1615	1652

				BORN	DIED
Cotton, Nathaniel, M.D.	.	.	.	1707	1788
Cowper, William	.	.	.	1731	1800
Chatterton, Thomas	.	.	.	1752	1770
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	.	.	.	1772	1834
Cunningham, Allan	.	.	.	1784	1842
Clubbe, Rev. W.	.	.	.	—	1814
Cotterill, Rev. Thomas, (1810)	.	.	.	—	—
Cawood, John, (1816)	.	.	.	—	—
Dryden, John	.	.	.	1631	1700
Doddridge, Rev. Philip, D.D.	.	.	.	1702	1751
Elliott, Ebenezer	.	.	.	1781	1849
Erskine, Ralph, (1734)	.	.	.	—	—
Edmeston, James, (1820)	.	.	.	—	—
Gibbons, Thomas, (1784)	.	.	.	—	—
Grant, Sir R., (1806)	.	.	.	—	—
Gurney, The Rev. John Hampton, (1851)	.	.	.	—	—
Hawkesworth, John, LL.D.	.	.	.	1715	1773
Herrick, Robert	.	.	.	1591	1661
Hemans, Felicia, Mrs	.	.	.	1793	1835
Heber, Bishop Reginald	.	.	.	1783	1826
Herbert, George	.	.	.	1593	1633
Hood, Thomas	.	.	.	1798	1845
Hogg, James	.	.	.	1782	1835
Hume, A., (16th century)	.	.	.	—	—
Hammond, William, (1745)	.	.	.	—	—
Hill, Rev. Rowland	.	.	.	1744	1833
Home, Bishop	.	.	.	1730	1792
Hurn, Rev. William, (1813)	.	.	.	—	—
Jefferys, Charles	.	.	.	1808	1865
Jonson, Ben	.	.	.	1574	1637
Kennick, John, (1742)	.	.	.	—	—
Ken, Bishop Thomas	.	.	.	1637	1711
Kelly, Thomas, (1804)	.	.	.	—	—

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Logan, John, (1770)	—	—
Lyte, Rev. Henry Francis, (1832)	—	—
Mason, John	1706	1763
Moore, Thomas	1780	1852
Moore, Henry, (1806)	—	—
Marvel, Andrew	1620	1678
More, Hannah, Mrs	1745	1833
Mayho, Sarah E., Miss	1819	1848
Maclean, Mrs, "L. E. L."	1802	1838
Montgomery, James	1771	1854
Milton, John	1608	1674
Morrison, John, (1770)	—	—
Medly, Samuel, (1798)	—	—
Morley, Samuel, (1800)	—	—
Marriott, John, (1816)	—	—
Mason, Rev. William	1725	1797
Newton, Rev. John	1725	1807
Proctor, Adelaide A., Miss	1834	1864
Pope, Alexander	~1688	1744
Pearson, Rev. Edward, (1806)	—	—
Richardson, Charlotte, Mrs, (1806)	—	—
Richards, Samuel, (1825)	—	—
Roberts, Rev. R., (1806)	—	—
Ryland, John	—	1792
Shakespeare, William	1564	1616
Shirley, James	1594	1666
Sigourney, Mrs L. H.	1791	1865
Staite, W. Edwards	—	1852
Southwell, Robert	1560	1595
Southern, Caroline, Mrs	1787	1854
Scott, Sir Walter	1771	1832
Seagrave, Robert, (1748)	—	—
Skelton, Rev. Phillip	1707	1787
Swain, Joseph, (1792)	—	—

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Thompson, James	.	.	.	1700	1748
Tate, Nahum	.	.	.	1652	—
Toplady, Rev. Augustus Montague,	.	.	.	1740	1778
Waller, Edmund	.	.	.	1603	1687
Wordsworth, William	.	.	.	1770	1850
Wilson, John	.	.	.	1785	1854
White, H. Kirke	.	.	.	1785	1806
Wither, George	.	.	.	1588	1667
Wotton, Sir Henry	.	.	.	1568	1639
Watts, Isaac, D.D.	.	.	.	1674	1748
Worthington, Jane T., Mrs	.	.	.	—	1847
Wesley, Rev. Charles	.	.	.	1708	1788
Williams, William, (1772)	.	.	.	—	—
Young, Edward	.	.	.	1697	1765

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Adams, S. F.

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Wilberforce, The Right Rev. Samuel, Bishop of Oxford
Williams, Rev. Isaac
Worthington, Mrs Jane T.

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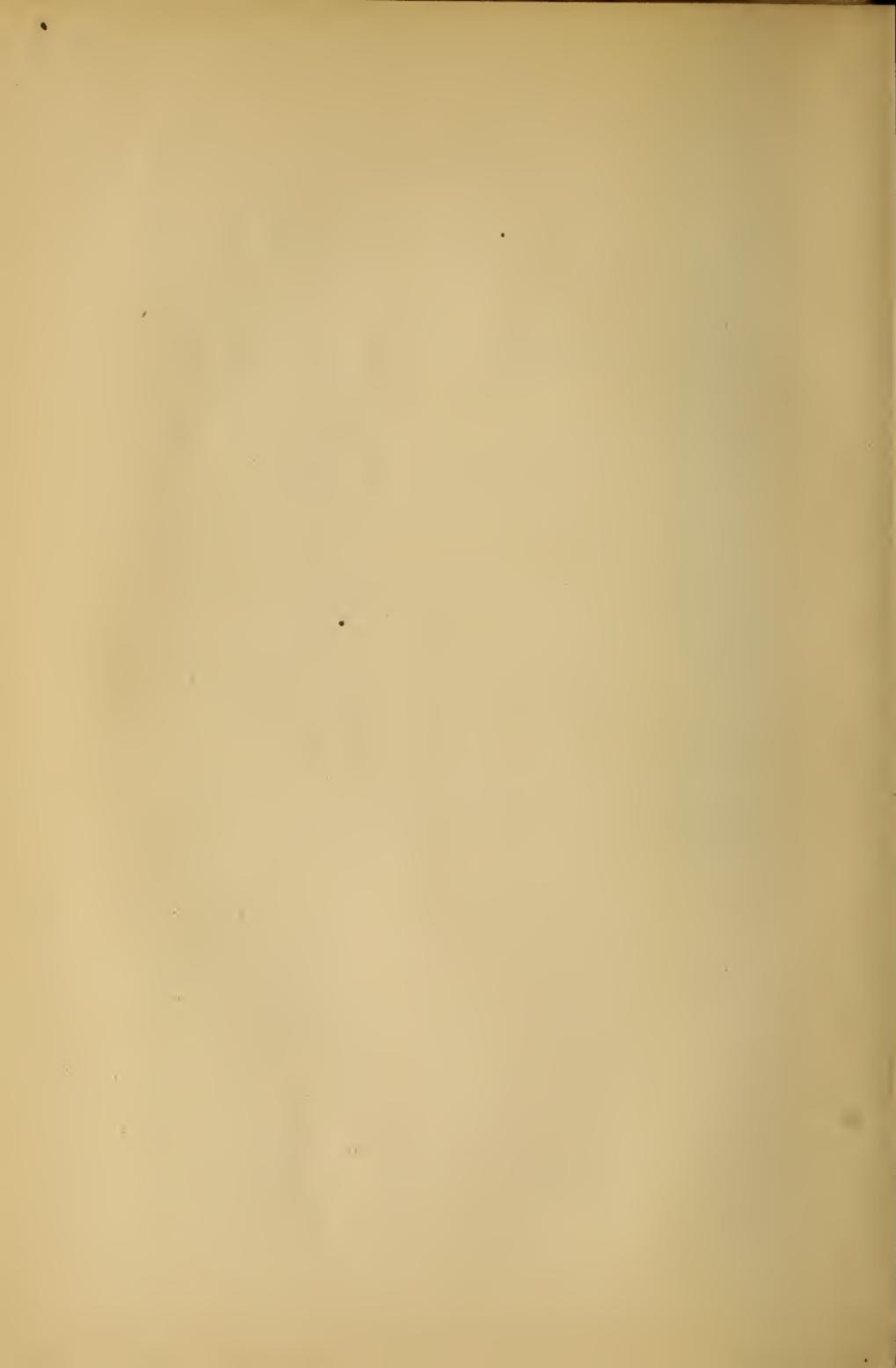
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* * * Where the Songs are published separately with the Music, it is the name of the Music Publisher that is given ; otherwise the Publisher of the Author's Collected Works.

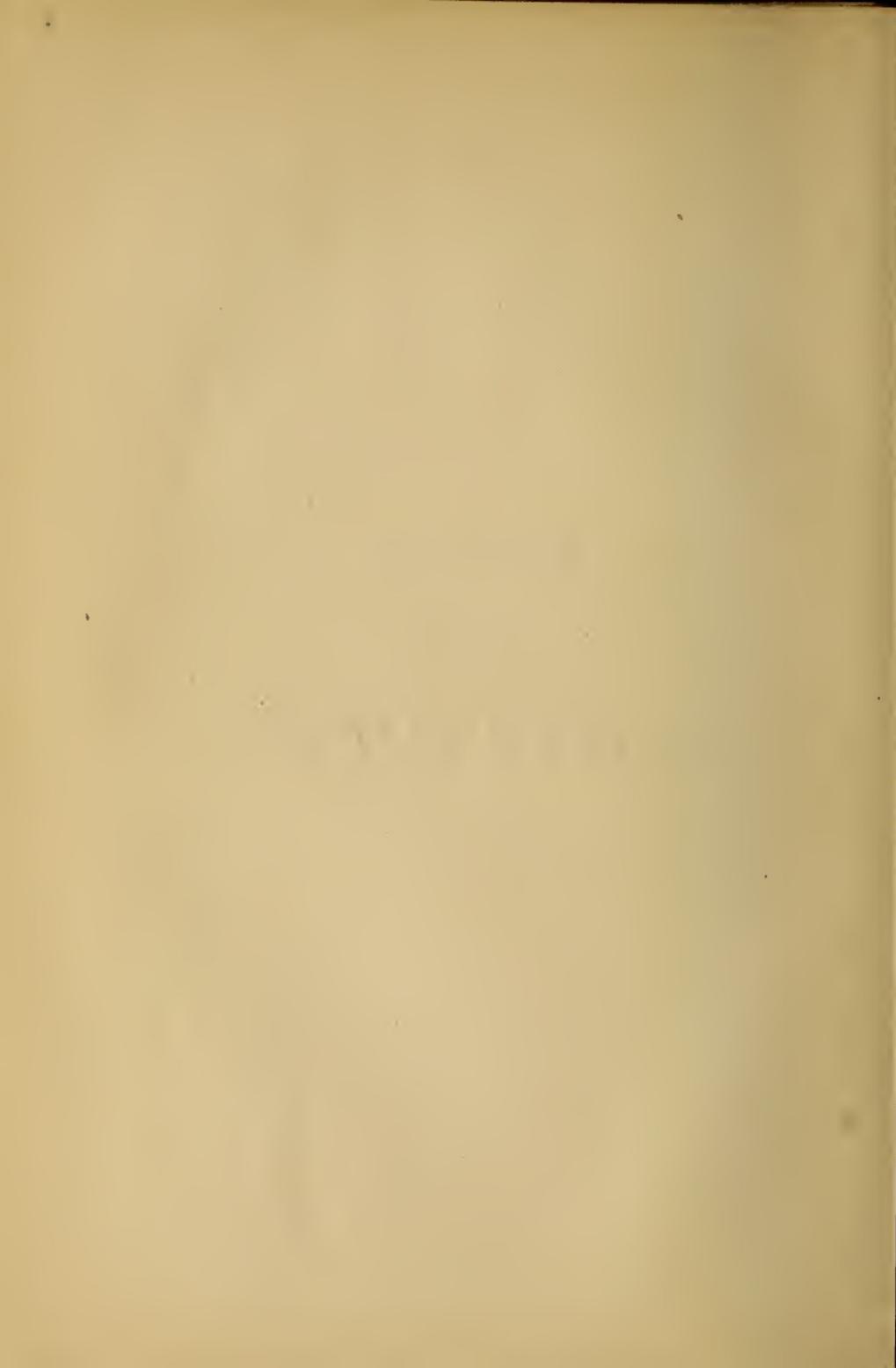


Part First.

SACRED SONGS.

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A



SACRED SONGS.

The Better Land.

MRS HEMANS.—*Music by John Blockley.*

“ I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call’st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?”
“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or ’midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”
“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the sacred mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
Is it there, sweet mother ! that better land ?”
“ Not there, not there, my child ! ”

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
 Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 ‘Tis there, ‘tis there, my child ! ”

Jerusalem the Golden.

JOHN MASON NEALE.—*Music by John Blockley.*

J ERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest ;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh ! I know not
 What joys await us there ;
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng :

The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are deck’d in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Hymn to the Night.

LONGFELLOW.—*Music by S. Glover.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through the marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !
I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above :
The calm majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.
From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.
Peace ! peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend, with broad-wing'd flight,
The welcome, the thrice pray'd for, the most fair,
The best belovèd night.

The Lost Day.

MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.

LOST! lost! lost!
 A gem of countless price,
 Cut from the living rock,
 And graved in Paradise :
 Set round with three times eight
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,
 And each with sixty smaller ones,
 All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
 In Fashion's mazes wind,
 Where trilleth folly's song,
 Leaving a sting behind.
 Yet to my hand 'twas given,
 A golden harp to buy,
 Such as the white-robed choir attune
 To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
 I feel all search is vain ;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again :
 I offer no reward—
 For till these heartstrings sever,
 I know that Heaven's entrusted gift
 Is rest away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
 Like burning scroll have fled,
 I'll see it in His hand,
 Who judgeth quick and dead ;

And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there ?

Passing Away.

MRS HEMANS.—*Music by John Blockley.*

IT is written on the rose, in its glory's full array,—
Read what those buds disclose,—“Passing away!”
It is written in the skies of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset dyes,—“Passing away!”

It is written on the trees, as their young leaves glittering
play,
And on brighter things than these,—“Passing away!”
It is written on the brow where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now,—“Passing away!”

It is written on the heart,—alas ! that *there* decay
Should claim from love a part,—“Passing away!”
Friends—friends ! oh, shall we meet in a land of purer
day,
Where lovely things and sweet pass not away ?

Shall we know each other's eyes, and the thoughts that
in them lay,
When we mingle sympathies,—“Passing away ?”
Oh, if this may be so, speed, speed their closing day !
How blest from earth's vain show to pass away !

To a Child.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things—not dream them—all day long ;
 And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
 One grand sweet song.

**Too Late !**ALFRED TENNYSON.—*Music by John Blockley.*

LATE, late, so late ! and dark the night, and chill ;
 Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
 Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we, for that we do repent ;
 And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
 Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

No light, so late, and dark and chill the night ;
 Oh, let us in that we may find the light !
 Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet ?
 Oh, let us in, though late, to kiss His feet !
 No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

As Down in the Sunless Retreats.T. MOORE.—*Air, Haydn.*

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see ;
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,—
My God ! silent to Thee !
Pure, warm, silent to Thee !

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea ;
So, dark as I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,—
My God ! trembling to Thee,—
True, fond, trembling to Thee !

Church Music.

JOHN MILTON.

BUT let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowèd roof
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light ;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high, and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

Watchman, what of the Night?

ANONYMOUS.

SAY, watchman, what of the night?
Do the dews of the morning fall?
Have the orient skies a border of light,
Like the fringe of a funeral pall?

“The night is fast waning on high,
And soon shall the darkness flee,
And the morn shall spread o'er the blushing sky,
And bright shall its glories be.”

But, watchman, what of the night,
When sorrow and pain are mine,
And the pleasures of life, so sweet and bright,
No longer around me shine?

“That night of sorrow thy soul
May surely prepare to meet;
But away shall the clouds of thy heaviness roll,
And the morning of joy be sweet.”

But, watchman, what of the night
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light,
Shall be my sleeping-bed?

“That night is near, and the cheerless tomb
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more.”

The Return of the Spirit.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by S. Nelson.*

“And the spirit shall return to the God that made it.”

RECITATIVE.

TEN thousand thousand years, mankind may sway
Nations that rise—and fall, and pass away ;
But, as a dream in Time’s mysterious span,
The temples, thrones, and palaces of man,
The world, and all within it, shall decay !

AIR.

A moment, and the dream of life
That millions of the human race
With all its realms of peace and strife,
Its phantasies of time and space,
Have dreamt for ages, shall dissolve,
And, all that seems the brightest now,
To utter darkness shall revolve,
Like that which fell on Adam’s brow.

A moment—and that fragile band
Creation gave a vital birth,
Shall meet corruption’s ruthless hand,
And wither with the silent earth ;
But, though no living shapes remain
To mingle with the clay-cold sod,
The spirit shall return again
Obedient to its maker—God.



The Robin Redbreast.

BISHOP DOANE.

SWEET Robin, I have heard them say,
That thou wert there upon the day
That Christ was crown'd in cruel scorn :
And bore away one bleeding thorn,
That so, the blush upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow was imprest :
And thence thy genial sympathy,
With our redeem'd humanity.

Sweet Robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood, like thee ;
Bear in my breast, whate'er the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the cross ;
Live ever, with thy loving mind,
In fellowship with human kind ;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.



To God in Sickness.

R. HERRICK.

WHAT though my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow tree ?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have ?
What though my healthful days are fled,
And I lie number'd with the dead ?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring—though now a wither'd flower.

Why do the Flowers Bloom ?

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by John Barnett.*

“WHY do the flowers bloom, mother,
Why do the sweet flowers bloom,
And brightest those we rear’d, mother,
Around my brother’s tomb ?”

“To fill the world with gladness,
My child, were flowerets given,
To crown the earth with beauty,
And show the path to heaven !”

“Then wherefore do they fade, mother,
Why do those sweet flowers fade,
When winter’s dreary clouds, mother,
Earth’s brighter scenes pervade ?”
“My child, those flowers that wither
Have seeds that still remain,
That the sunshine and the summer
Restore to life again !”

“And shall not those who die, mother,
Come back to life once more,
E’en as the rain and sun, mother,
Those beauteous flowers restore ?”
“Yes—yes, my child, such powers
To human flowers are given,
Here earth’s frail buds may blossom,
But *we* may rise—IN HEAVEN.”

Suspīria.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear away
 Whatever thou canst call thine own !
 Thine image, stamp'd upon this clay,
 Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie
 Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
 As garments by the soul laid by,
 And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
 Our little life is but a gust,
 That bends the branches of thy tree,
 And trails its blossoms in the dust !

**Come, ye Disconsolate.**T. MOORE.—*Air, German.*

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you languish,
 Come, at God's altar fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
 Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—
 “Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.”

Go, ask the infidel, what boon he brings us,
 What charm for ailing hearts he can reveal,
 Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
 “Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal.”

The Heart's Home.

F. W. FABER.

HARK ! hark ! my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore !

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark :
God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
“ Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ; ”
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing ;
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee !

Rest comes at last, though life be long and dreary ;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary ;
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Funeral Hymn.

BISHOP HEBER.

THOU art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and, its mansions forsaken,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
 But the sunshine of Heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heard'st was the seraphims' song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere vain to deplore thee,
 When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide ;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour has died.

Oh ! had I Jubal's Lyre.*Music by Handel.*

OH ! had I Jubal's lyre,
 Or Miriam's tuneful voice !
 To sounds like his I would aspire,
 In songs like hers rejoice :
 My humble strains but faintly show
 How much to Heaven and thee I owe.

The Unregarded Poor.

MARY HOWITT.

A LAS ! what secret tears are shed,
What wounded spirits bleed !
What loving hearts are sundered,
And yet man takes no heed !

He goeth in his daily course,
Made fat with oil and wine,
And pitieh not the weary souls
That in his bondage pine,—
That turn for him the mazy wheel,
That delve for him the mine !
And pitieh not the children small
In smoky factories dim,
That all day long, lean, pale, and faint,
Do heavy tasks for him !

To him they are but as the stones
Beneath his feet that lie ;
It entereth not his thoughts that they
With him claim sympathy :
It entereth not his thoughts that God
Heareth the sufferer's groan,
That, in His righteous eye, their life
Is precious as his own.

Footsteps of Angels.

W. H. LONGFELLOW.—*Music by George Linley.*

WHEN the hours of day are number'd,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumber'd,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The belovèd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more :

He, the young and strong, who cherish'd
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perish'd,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depress'd and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !



The Spirit's Home.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by W. L. Phillips.*

FIRST VOICE.

O H ! the world is bright, and to life we cling,
For the sake of many a lovely thing ;
The sunlit stream, and the perfumed flowers,
And all that makes fair this earth of ours.
The rivers we stem, the paths we roam,
Wherever we wander we find a home.

SECOND VOICE.

Yes ! sweet friend, but the world at best
Is only a spot where the weary rest ;
There's another home that we all must know,
Brighter by far than this earth below ;
A place where the weary ne'er shall roam,
There, only there, is the spirit's home.

BOTH VOICES.

We seek that home while we linger here,
If our souls are pure and our hearts sincere,
And the spirit that here may know no rest,
Shall flee to the realms of the bright and blest.

FIRST VOICE.

Yet it is hard, my friend, to go
From a scene like this in the vale below ;
Here we have fruits, and flowers, and streams,
As bright as those in the land of dreams ;
And friends to weep for us when we roam,
And love that the lowliest cot makes home.

SECOND VOICE.

Yes ! but beyond, in the sunny skies,
Throned amid heavenly mysteries,
There we may meet to part no more
From those we loved in the days of yore ;
There, whence the weary shall never roam,
There, only there, is the spirit's home.

BOTH VOICES.

We seek that home while we linger here,
If our souls are pure and our hearts sincere,
And the spirit that here may know no rest,
Shall flee to the realms of the bright and blest.

The Wind in an Eolian Harp.

J. THOMSON.

E THEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove,
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid !
With what soft woe they thrill the listener's heart !
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who died in youth, these sweet complainings part.

But hark ! that strain was of a graver tone,
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws ;
Or he, the sacred bard, who sat alone
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint ;
And to such sadly solemn tones are strung
Angelic harps to soothe a dying saint.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise ;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn from praise to praise.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease my muse forgets to sing.

There is a Book.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill ;
The saints, like stars around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven ;
What are the saints on earth ?
Like trees they stand, whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fix'd, unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower;
Fair deed of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

The Wild Gazelle.

HEBREW MELODY.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by J. Nathan.*

THE wild gazelle of Judah's hills
Exulting yet may bound,
And drink from all the living rills
That gush on holy ground ;
Its airy step and glorious eye
May glance in tameless transport by.

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,
Hath Judah witness'd there ;
And o'er her scenes of lost delight
Inhabitants more fair.
The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone.

More blest each palm that shades those plains
Than Israel's scatter'd race ;
For, taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace :
It cannot quit its place of birth ;
It will not live in other earth.

But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die ;
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own may never lie :
Our temple hath not left a stone,
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

The Mariner's Evening Hymn.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by S. Nelson.*

O RULER of the storm, whose might
Can still the angry wave,
Thy mercy, through the coming night,
We trembling sinners crave !
This trackless waste, at such an hour,
That Thou alone canst span,
Tell us how infinite Thy power,
How mean a thing is man !

O Father of the deep, our path
Lies o'er the midnight sea,
Let not the waves arise in wrath ;
Hush'd be they still by Thee !
And as with contrite hearts we bend,
And bow before Thy form,
Let not our prayers in vain ascend,
Dread Ruler of the storm !



The Unbeliever.

A. POPE.

B EHOLD yon wretch, by impious passion driven,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heaven ;
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown ;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod ;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.

This World is not our Home.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by N. J. Sporle.*

THIS world is not our home ;
 There is a better, brighter,
 Where sorrows never come,
 Where troubled hearts are lighter.
 We are but pilgrims here,
 Still ever onward trying
 To pass from this dull sphere
 To that beyond us lying.

This world is not our home ;
 We wander through its bowers,—
 In age amid its thorns,
 In youth amid its flowers.
 But there's a world of bliss,
 Where those bright flowers fade never,
 For those who are just in this
 To live and bloom for ever.



The Cloud-capp'd Towers.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.—*Music by R. J. Stevens.*

THE cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve :
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

Trust in the Lord.JOHN DUFF.—*Music by E. L. Hime.*

TRUST in the Lord in sorrow's hour,
Trust in His high almighty power ;
Then if thy life be pure and fair,
Thou ne'er shalt perish in despair ;
Bright dreams of heaven will cheer thy grief,
Bringing thee days of calm relief ;
Thus will thy trust in Him on high
Bless thy last hour, thy latest sigh.

Trust in the Lord when wealth is thine,
Give to the poor who starve and pine ;
Prayers will ascend to praise the deed,
Saving the sick in hour of need.
Hope ever in a peaceful life,
Shun those who'd lead thee into strife ;
Then shall thy days be calm and bright,
Bless'd with the ray of heavenly light.

**F**orgive, Bless'd Shade.*Music by Dr Calcott.*

FORGIVE, bless'd shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this ;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.
No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay ;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

The Orphan's Prayer.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Franz Abt.*

H EAVENLY Father ! King of might !
Place Thy guardian angels o'er me ;
Once again from sleep restore me ;
Guard me through the coming night !
None but Thee, O Lord ! can guide me,
Earthly father is denied me ;
Hear, oh hear, the orphan's prayer,
Heavenly Father !

Heavenly Father ! King of kings !
Take my spirit to thy keeping !
O'er my couch while I am sleeping,
Let thine angels spread their wings ;
In the world a pilgrim lonely,
Trusting to Thy goodness only ;
Thou wilt hear the orphan's prayer,
Heavenly Father !



The Last Trump.

JOHN DRYDEN.

A S grew the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above :
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

Never hold Malice.

ELIZA COOK.

O H ! never “hold malice ;” it poisons our life,
With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of strife ;
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger like sunlight go down with the day.
Our spirits in clashing may bear the hot spark,
But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark ;
'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,
Where our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

Oh ! never “hold malice ;” it cannot be good,
For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood
Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,
Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure the blow.
The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—
The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—
Are less to be fear'd than the vengeance of man,
When it lieth in secret to wound when it can.

Oh ! never “hold malice ;” dislike if you will,
Yet remember humanity linketh us still ;
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring.
Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,
With petitions for pardon or pleading for love ?
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,
To ask from a God yet deny to a brother ?

Death's Final Conquest.

JAMES SHIRLEY.—*Music by Edward Coleman.*

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield—
 They tame but one another still.
 Early and late
 They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor-victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Seeds of Light.

J. R. LOWELL.

God scatters love on every side
Freely among His children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlook'd for, into high-soul'd deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

Within the hearts of all men lie
Those promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

Christian Courage.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

O H, shame upon thee, listless heart,
So sad a sigh to heave;
As if thy Saviour had no part
In thoughts that make thee grieve.

As if along His lonesome way
 He had not borne for thee
 Sad languors through the summer day,
 Storms on the wintry sea.

Thou shalt have joy in sadness soon ;
 The pure, calm hope be thine,
 Which brightens, like the eastern morn,
 As day's wild lights decline.



Fear Not, but Trust in Providence.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.—*Music by S. Nelson.*

“**A**h, pilot ! ’tis a fearful night,
 There’s danger on the deep ;
 I’ll come and pace the deck with thee,
 I do not dare to sleep.”
 “Go down !” the sailor cried, “go down !
 This is no place for thee ;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.”

“Ah, pilot ! dangers often met,
 We all are apt to slight ;
 And thou hast known the raging waves
 But to subdue their might.”
 “It is not apathy,” he cried,
 “That gives this strength to me ;
 Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be.

"In such a night, the sea ingulf'd
 My father's lifeless form ;
My only brother's boat went down,
 In just so wild a storm.
And such, perhaps, may be *my* fate—
 But still I say to thee,
Fear not, but trust in Providence,
 Wherever thou mayst be."



What are the Wild Waves Saying ?

DUET.

"I want to know what it says,—the sea. What is it that it keeps on saying?"
—CHARLES DICKENS.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

PAUL.

WHAT are the wild waves saying,
 Sister, the whole day long,
That ever, amid our playing,
 I hear but their low lone song ?
Not by the sea-side only,
 There it sounds wild and free ;
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
 In dreams it is still with me !

FLORENCE.

Brother, I hear no singing ;
 'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
 Over some ocean cave ;

'Tis but the noise of water
 Dashing against the shore,
 And the wind from some bleaker quarter
 Mingling with its roar.

DUET.

No ! it is something greater
 That speaks to the heart alone ;
 The voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone !

PAUL.

Yes ! but the waves seem ever
 Singing the same sad thing ;
 And vain is my weak endeavour
 To guess what the surges sing.
 What is that voice repeating
 Ever by night and day ?
 Is it a friendly greeting,
 Or a warning that calls away ?

FLORENCE.

Brother, the inland mountain,
 Hath it not voice and sound ?
 Speaks not the dripping fountain,
 As it bedews the ground ?
 E'en by the household ingle,
 Curtain'd, and closed, and warm ;
 Do not our voices mingle
 With those of the distant storm ?

DUET.

Yes ! but there's something greater
 That speaks to the heart alone ;
 The voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone !

The Incarnation of Christ.

DEAN H. H. MILMAN.

FOR Thou wert born of woman ; Thou didst come,
O Holiest, to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was Thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burn'd before Thee on Thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stoop'd their lamps the enthronèd fires on high,—
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky,
The Eastern sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before Thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
Nor at Thy presence broke the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmèd
clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna tone.

ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep.MRS WILLARD.—*Music by J. P. Knight.*

ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from slumber to wreck and death !
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality !
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

**Bubbles under Ice.**

W. WORDSWORTH.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth, and evanescent,
No one knows by what device ?

Such are thoughts,—a wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea ;
Such is life ; and death a shadow
From the rock Eternity.

The Emigrant's Song.

ANDREW MARVEL.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The listening winds received their song.

“ What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?

“ Where He the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storm's and tyrant's rage.

“ He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls, to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

“ He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a gieen night,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.

“ Oh, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.”

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Hymn.

For the Boatmen as they approach the Rapids by Heidelberg.

W. WORDSWORTH.

JESU ! bless our slender boat,
By the current swept along ;
Loud its threatenings,—let them not
Drown the music of a song
Breathed Thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar.

Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious rood ;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard Thy suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient tower
Watching o'er the river's bed,
Fling the shadow of Thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead ;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy !

Guide our bark among the waves ;
Through the rocks our passage smooth ;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves,
Let Thy love its anger soothe :
All our hope is placed in Thee ;
Miserere Domine !

The Storm.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.—*Music by John Hullah.*

THE tempest rages wild, and high
The waves lift up their voice, and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky,—
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night, and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main ;—
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare ;
A cry goes up of great despair,—
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning wind and melting rain
Beat on the nursery window pane :—
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtain'd was the little bed,
Soft pillow'd was the little head,
“The storm will wake the child,” they said :—
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white,
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
“Father, save those at sea to-night !”
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone, all clear and gay,
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play.—
Gloria tibi Domine !

A Death Scene.

PHŒBE CAREY.

DYING, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by,
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky :
Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,
When her soul from its prison fitters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell ;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that, in some convent picture,
On the face of a dying saint.

And we felt in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed.
Then we thought how, with faith unshrinking,
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And, taking the hand of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenly side.

Spring.

A. DE VERE.

ONCE more, through God's high will and grace,
Of hours that each its task fulfils,
Heart-healing Spring resumes its place
The valley through, and scales the hills.

Who knows not Spring? who doubts when blows
Her breath, that Spring is come indeed?
The swallow doubts not; nor the rose
That stirs, but wakes not; nor the weed.

Once more the cuckoo's call I hear;
I know, in many a glen profound,
The earliest violets of the year
Rise up like water from the ground.

The thorn, I know, once more is white;
And far down many a forest dale,
The anemones in dubious light
Are trembling like a bridal veil.

By streams released that surging flow
From craggy shelf, through sylvan glades,
The pale narcissus, well I know,
Smiles hour by hour on greener shades.

The honey'd cowslip tufts once more
The golden slopes;—with gradual ray
The primrose stars the rock, and o'er
The wood-path strews its milky way.

I see her not—I feel her near,
As charioted in mildest airs
She sails through yon empyreal sphere,
And in her arms and bosom bears

That urn of flowers, and lustral dews,
Whose sacred balm, on all things shed,
Revives the weak, the old renewes,
And crowns with votive wreaths the dead.

Youth and Age.

EDMUND WALLER.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal'd that emptiness which age descries ;
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Beautiful Cloud.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by J. H. Thomas.*

BEAUTIFUL cloud in purest ether sleeping,
Why should we sigh for a cloudless summer day ?
But for the tears of heaven that thou art weeping,
Should we have flowers to beautify our way ?
Earth far beneath, the fadeless blue above thee,
Throned 'mid the stars, still lowly was thy birth ;
Not for thy beauty only do I love thee,
Giver of blessings to the grateful earth.

Beautiful cloud, all lovely shapes assuming,
In thy embrace the white-wing'd angels sleep ;
Why else the silvery light thy form illuming ?
Sure there their watch our guardian angels keep.
Thine is the land from mortal vision shrouded,
Thou, lovely dream, the cloud-wall of the skies,
Hidest alone the million spirits crowded
Round the bright throne thou shrin'st from human eyes.

The Builders.

W. H. LONGFELLOW.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time ;
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Speak Gently.

G. W. LANGFORD.—*Music by Miss Lindsay.*

SPEAK gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain:
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear:
Pass through the world as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not a careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Saving Help.

MRS CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a piercèd hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
 And tears of anguish flow,
 One only heart, a broken heart,
 Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
 Over some foul dark spot,
 One only stream, a stream of blood,
 Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
 His hand that brings relief,
 His heart that's touch'd with all our joys
 And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord ;
 Unseal that cleansing tide ;
 We have no shelter from our sin,
 But in Thy wounded side.



Nature and Heaven.

BISHOP HEBER.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
 With garlands gay of various green ;
 I praised the sea, whose ample field
 Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
 And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
 " Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd
 On wheels of amber, and of gold ;

I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon, and sun, in answer said,
“Our days of light are numberèd.”

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth, and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !

Death of a Christian.

FELICIA HEMANS.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now !
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Angel of Charity.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Handel.*

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.

When on the shrine of God were laid
 First-fruits of all most good and fair
 That ever bloom'd in Eden's shade,
 Thine was the holiest offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
 But as our guides to yonder sky ;
 Soon as they reach the verge of heaven,
 There, lost in perfect bliss, they die.*
 But long as Love, Almighty Love,
 Shall on His throne of thrones abide,
 Thou, Charity, shall dwell above,
 Smiling for ever by His side !



Not to Myself Alone.

S. W. PARTRIDGE.

“ **N**O T to myself alone,”
 The little opening flower transported cries,—
 “ Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes :
 The bee comes sipping every eventide
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.”

* “ There Faith shall fail, and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in perfect joy.”—PRIOR.

“ Not to myself alone,”
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,—
“ Not to myself alone I rise and set ;
I write upon night’s coronal of jet,
HIS power and skill who form’d our myriad host :
A friendly beacon at heaven’s open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne’er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.”

“ Not to myself alone,”
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,—
“ Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come :
For man, for man the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share.”

“ Not to myself alone,”
The soaring bird, with lusty pinion, sings,—
“ Not to myself alone I raise the song :
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings ;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore ;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar.”

“ Not to myself alone,”
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,—
“ Not to myself alone I sparkling glide :
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay ;

I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune ;
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In droughty June.”

“ Not to myself alone,”
 O man, forget not thou, earth’s honour’d priest !
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,
 In earth’s great chorus to sustain thy part :
 Chiefest of guests at Love’s ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown ;
 Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone !



The Two Streams.

JAMES SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

UPON a leafy mountain height two streams came gushing forth,
 One bubbled from the sunny south, the other from the north ;
 One leap’d and sparkled joyously as clear as summer sky,
 The purple flood the other roll’d went slowly creeping by.

Beside the one green rushes grew, and blushing buds and flowers,
 Beside the other, men were chain’d in poison-breathing bowers ;
 One welcomed sweet wild birds to sing their hymns of praise and joy,
 The other breathed the breath of sin and tempted to destroy.

The one went sparkling cheerily beneath the noonday sun,
And spread around life, health, and peace, where'er it chanced
to run ;

The other was the stream of death with sorrow on its tide,
And whoso stoop'd to drink therein must Satan's curse abide.

The stream which gave such joy to all leap'd from a rocky
well ;

The vineyard sent the other forth to work a deathlike spell ;
They both have flow'd for countless years adown the steeps
of time ;

One spreading grief and wickedness, the other bliss sublime.



Consider the Ravens.

(Luke xii. 27, 28.)

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.

CHILD.

TELL me, O mother ! if I should store
This precious piece of the earth's bright ore ?
Say is it good to hoard and save,
And sleep, at last, in a rich man's grave ?

MOTHER.

Consider the ravens, my gentle boy,
They sow not, nor reap, yet they employ
The tenderest care of the bounteous hand
That scatters their food o'er the barren land.

BOTH.

It is *not* good to hoard and save ;
 The covetous man has no honour'd grave.
 'Tis better to part with the precious ore,
 Than cling in pride to a useless store.

CHILD.

Is it not well to treasure up
 Gold that will fill the mantling cup ?
 Wealth that will food and raiment give,
 And bring the honours for which men live ?

MOTHER.

Consider the lilies, my darling child,
 They toil not nor spin in the greenwood wild ;
 And what is thy glory to one of these,
 To God who clothes both the fields and trees ?

BOTH.

Life is more precious than hoarded gold,
 Or the food and raiment that's bought and sold,
 But our lives on earth must so order'd be
 That they'll lead to a bright eternity.



The Kingliest Kings.

GERALD MASSEY.

H O ! ye who in a noble work
 Win scorn, as flames draw air,
 And, in the way where lions lurk,
 God's image bravely bear,
 Though trouble-tried and torture-torn,
 The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud !
And soul ne'er soar'd the starry seven
But Pain's fire-chariot rode ;
They've battled best who've boldliest borne :
The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn :
And tears that from Love's torn heart flow
To pearls of spirit turn !
And dear heart-hopes in pangs are born ;
The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

As Beauty in Death's cerement shrouds,
And stars bejewel night,
God's splendour lives in dim heart-clouds,
And suffering nurseth might ;
The murkiest hour brings forth the morn :
The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.

Hope and Love.

ANONYMOUS.

H EART ! take courage, upward strive,
Higher still, and higher ;
Faint not, blanch not, shrink not now,
Heaven is ever nigher !

Higher aims, and higher hopes,
Be our great endeavour.
See ! the glorious guerdon's near,
Love enduring ever !

On ! and reck not of the toil,
 Nor of burthen mind thee ;
 Look up ! its shadow let the sun
 For ever cast behind thee.

Angels beckon, saints applaud,
 Nobly have we striven ;
 Triumph now ! the prize is gain'd
 Of endless Love in Heaven.

God's-Acre.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
 The burial ground God's-Acre ! It is just ;
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
 The seed that they have garner'd in their hearts,
 Their bread of life ; alas, no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
 In the sure faith that we shall rise again,
 At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
 Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;
 And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
 With that of flowers which never bloom'd on earth.
 With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
 And spread the furrow for the seed we sow ;
 This is the field and Acre of our God,
 This is the place where human harvests grow !

Prayer.

ELIZA COOK.

HOW purely true, how deeply warm,
The inly-breathed appeal may be,
Though adoration wears no form,
In upraised hand or bended knee !
One Spirit fills all boundless space,
No limit to the when or where ;
And little recks the time or place
That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty One,
Creator, is that worship vain
That hails each mountain as Thy throne,
And finds a universal fane ?
When shining stars, or spangled sod,
Call forth devotion, who shall dare
To blame, or tell me that a GOD
Will never deign to hear such prayer ?

Oh, prayer is good, when many pour
Their voices in one solemn tone ;
Conning their sacred lessons o'er,
Or yielding thanks for mercies shown.
'Tis good to see the quiet train
Forget their worldly joy and care,
While loud response and choral strain
Re-echo in the house of prayer.

But often have I stood to mark
The setting sun and closing flower ;
When silence and the gathering dark
Shed holy calmness o'er the hour.

Lone on the hills, my soul confess'd
More rapt and burning homage there,
And served the Maker it address'd
With stronger zeal and closer prayer.

When watching those we love and prize
Till all of life and hope be fled ;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stay'd the falling head ;
Then what can soothe the stricken heart,
What solace overcome despair ;
What earthly breathing can impart
Such healing balm as lonely prayer ?

When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round ;
When human aid is vain and past,
No mortal refuge to be found ;
Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear ;
No matter where the storm has driven,
A saving anchor lives in prayer.

O God ! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the bless'd decree,
That Grace can e'er be found when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear,
But torture-stake, or prison-wall,
Can be endured with Faith and Prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom ;
In grateful joy, in trying pain ;
In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb ;
Oh, when is prayer unheard or vain ?

The Infinite, the King of kings,
Will never heed the when or where;
He'll ne'er reject the heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

◆◆◆

O Fair! O Purest!

SAINT AUGUSTINE TO HIS SISTER.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Moore.*

O FAIR! O purest! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove,
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring.
There if the hovering hawk be near,
That limpid spring in its mirror clear
Reflects him ere he reach his prey,
And warns the timorous bird away.

Be thou this dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou this dove.

The sacred pages of God's own book
Shall be the spring, the eternal brook,
In whose holy mirror, night and day,
Thou'l study Heaven's reflected ray;
And should the foes of virtue dare,
With gloomy wing to seek thee there,
Thou wilt see how dark their shadows lie
Between Heaven and thee, and trembling fly.

Be thou that dove;
Fairest, purest, be thou that dove.

The Return of the Dove.

(Genesis viii. 8-12.)

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.

BOTH VOICES.

FORTH from the ark the sacred dove
Flew o'er the deep profound,
The vast expanse of sky above,
The watery waste around !

FIRST VOICE.

Did it return, that bird of peace ?
Tell me, my mother dear ;
Or, panting for its own release,
Sought it another sphere ?

SECOND VOICE.

No, no, my child ! the dove came back,
It had not where to rest ;
The waters wild had left no track
O'er all the earth's wide breast.

BOTH VOICES.

Poor bird ! it flew with weary wing
To seek its own fair bowers,
But sought in vain a leaf to bring
Of one of earth's sweet flowers.

FIRST VOICE.

Did it go forth again, set free
By the dear patriarch's hand,
And then for ever, ever flee
To its loved native land ?

SECOND VOICE.

No, no, my child! the God above,
Who could the flowers restore,
Sent back a token by the dove
That they should bloom once more.

BOTH VOICES.

Sweet bird! it came on joyous wing,
To tell of fruits and flowers,
A harbinger of coming spring,
And joys that since are ours.

FIRST VOICE.

Went it not forth yet once again
To woo the sun and breeze,
To nestle in some woodland glen,
Hid by the summer trees?

SECOND VOICE.

Yes, yes, my child! th' imprison'd dove,—
Again it was set free,
And earth has since been crown'd with love,
And peace and liberty.

BOTH VOICES.

Sweet dove! with peace upon its wing
It sought the earth's green bowers,
And ever since the blessed spring
Makes glad this world of ours.

Kind Words.

F. G. LEE.

KIND words are like the morning sun, that gilds the opening flower;
 Kind words are like the blessings spread by every summer shower;
 They light the heart with sunny beams—they shed a fulgent ray,
 And cheer the weary pilgrim, as he wanders on his way.

If you have naught to give the poor when winter's snow-clouds loom,
 Oh, ne'er forget that one sweet smile may chase away their gloom!
 Remember, too, that one kind word may blunt Affliction's dart,
 And softly fall, like healing balm, upon the wounded heart.

Let us hear none but gentle words—no tales of dismal strife,
 But only kind things whisper, as you tread this vale of life;
 Then try, by every word and glance, the suff'ring to beguile,
 And watch them, when you speak kind words, how happily they smile!

Sleep.

ELIZA COOK.

I 'VE mourn'd the dark long night away
 With bitter tears and vain regret,
 Till, grief-sick, at the break of day
 I've left a pillow cold and wet.

I've risen from a restless bed,
Sad, trembling, spiritless, and weak,
With all my brow's young freshness fled,
With pallid lips and bloodless cheek.

Hard was the task for aching eyes
So long to wait, so long to weep ;
But well it taught me how to prize
That precious matchless blessing, sleep.

I've counted every chiming hour,
While languishing 'neath ceaseless pain ;
While fever raged with demon power,
To drink my breath and scorch my brain.

And oh ! what earnest words were given !
What wild imploring prayers arose !
How eagerly I ask'd of Heaven
A few brief moments of repose !

Oh ! ye who drown each passing night
In peaceful slumber, calm and deep,
Fail not to kneel at morning's light
And thank your God for health and sleep.



Let Me Rest.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

HE does well who does his best :
Is he weary ? let him rest :
Brothers ! I have done my best.
I am weary—let me rest.

After toiling oft in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain ;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain ;

Let me rest—but lay me low,
Where the hedgeside roses blow ;
Where the little daisies grow,
When the winds a-maying go ;

Where the footpath rustics plod ;
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod ;
Where the old woods worship God ;
Where His pencil paints the sod ;

Where the wedded throstle sings ;
Where the young bird tries his wings ;
Where the wailing plover swings
Near the runlet's rushy springs ;

Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er
To be heard by me no more !

There, beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,
Like a child, that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

The Treasures of the Deep.

MRS HEMANS.—*Music by Mrs Owen.*

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main ?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea,
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more !
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast,
They hear not now the booming waters roar ;
The battle's thunders will not break their rest :
Keep thy red gold, and gems, thou stormy grave !
Give back, give back the true and brave.

Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long ;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song ;
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
But all, but all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;
Yet must thou hear a voice—restore the dead !
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee,—
Restore, restore the dead, thou sea !



Lord, who shall bear that Day?

T. MOORE.—*Air, Dr Boyce.*

LORD, who shall bear day so dread, so splendid,
 When we shall see Thy angel, hovering o'er
 This sinful world, with hand to heaven extended,
 And hear him swear by Thee that Time's no more ?*
 When earth shall feel Thy fast consuming ray—
 Who, Mighty God, oh, who shall bear that day ?

When through the world Thy awful call hath sounded,—
 “Wake, all ye dead, to judgment wake, ye dead !” †
 And from the clouds, by seraph eyes surrounded,
 The Saviour shall put forth His radiant head ;‡
 While earth and heaven before Him pass away, §
 Who, mighty God, oh, who shall bear that day ?

When, with a glance, the Eternal Judge shall sever
 Earth's evil spirits from the pure and bright,
 And say to those, “Depart from me for ever ;”
 To these, “Come dwell with me in endless light !” ||
 When each and all in silence take their way—
 Who, mighty God, oh, who shall bear that day ?

* Rev. x. 5, 6. † “Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment.”

† Matt. xxiv. 30, and xxv. 31. § Rev. xx. 11. || Matt. xxv. 32 *et seq.*



Morning Prayer.

JOHN DUFF.—*Music by E. L. Hime.*

WHEN we awake at early morn,
And see the sun in glory rise,
Earth seems to us a scene of joy,
We smile on all beneath the skies ;
But peace in heaven alone is found,
On earth our lives are mix'd with care ;—
Then let us breathe in holy love
To Him on high our morning prayer.

However bright this world may be,
Our days of joy soon pass away ;
Man only soars to wealth and power,
To find his fondest hopes decay ;
But everlasting bliss above
Awaits the truly righteous there ;—
Then let us breathe in holy love
To Him on high our morning prayer.

Look Up!

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

“LOOK up !” cried the seaman, with nerves like steel,
As skyward his glance he cast,
And beheld his own son grow giddy, and recl
On the point of the tapering mast ;
“Look up !” and the bold boy lifted his face,
And banish'd his brief alarms,—
Slid down at once from his perilous place,
And leapt in his father's arms.

“Look up !” we cry to the sorely-oppress’d,
Who seem from all comfort shut ;
They had better look up to the mountain crest
Than down to the precipice foot ;—
The one offers heights they may hope to gain,—
Pure ether, and freedom, and room ;
The other bewilders the aching brain
With roughness, and danger, and gloom.

“Look up !” meek souls by affliction bent,
Nor dally with dull despair ;
Look up, and in faith, to the firmament,
For heaven and mercy are there.
The frail flower droops in the stormy shower,
And the shadows of needful night ;
But it looks to the sun in the after-hour,
And takes full measure of light.

“Look up !” sad man, by adverses brought
From high unto low estate ;
Play not with the bane of corrosive thought,
Nor murmur at chance and fate ;
Renew thy hopes, look the world in the face,
For it helps not those who repine,—
Press on, and its voice will amend thy pace,—
Succeed, and its homage is thine.

“Look up !” great crowd, who are foremost set
In the changeful “Battle of Life,”
Some days of calm may reward ye yet
For years of allotted strife.
Look up, and *beyond*, there’s a guerdon there
For the humble and pure of heart ;
Fruition of joys unalloy’d by care,
Of peace that can never depart.

“Look up!” large spirit, by heaven inspired,
Thou rare and expansive soul!
Look up with endeavour and zeal untired,
And strive for the loftiest goal.
Look up, and encourage the kindred throng,
Who toil up the slopes behind,
To follow, and hail with triumphant song
The holier regions of mind.

Seedtime and Harvest.

ELIZABETH P. ROBERTS.

CHEER thee! faint and weary one,
Wearied with the sowing,
On the rugged paths of life,
Tears from eyes o'erflowing.
Deem *not* one is shed in vain;
Doth not heaven's gentle rain
Set earth's blossoms blowing?

Thou must learn on Nature's page
How, from present sorrow,
Loving faith and noble trust,
Future good may borrow—
That, how dark soe'er the cloud
Folds our sun-god in a shroud,
He *must* rise to-morrow.

Sow in Faith, or tears, or seed,
O'er thy pathway flinging;
Then await the rich reward
From these germs upspringing.
Over each GOD'S angel bends,
To the earth-born flower He tends,
Dew and sunshine bringing.

Sow in Hope—no dark despair
 Mingled with thy weeping ;
 Sad may be the seedtime here,
 Joy awaits the reaping.
 HE who wept for human woe
 Deems thy tear-drops as they flow
 Worthy of His keeping.

But, o'er all things, sow in Love,
 Hand and heart o'erflowing ;
 Soon, O faint and weary one !
 Thou shalt cease from sowing.
 And, behold each seedtime tear,
 “First the blade and then the ear,”
 In GOD'S harvest growing !



The Charities of the Poor.

LORD HOUGHTON.

THERE is a thought so purely blest,
 That to its use I oft repair,
 When evil breaks my spirit's rest,
 And pleasure is but varied care ;
 A thought to gild the stormiest skies,
 To deck with flowers the bleakest moor—
 A thought whose home is paradise—
 The charities of poor to poor.

It were not for the rich to blame,
 If they, whom fortune seems to scorn,
 Should vent their ill-content and shame
 On others less or more forlorn :

But, that the veriest needs of life
Should be dispensed with freer hand,
Than all their stores and treasures rife—
Is not for them to understand.

To give the stranger's children bread,
Of your precarious board the spoil—
To watch your helpless neighbour's bed,
And sleepless, meet the morrow's toil ;
The gifts, not proffer'd once alone,
The daily sacrifice of years—
And when all else to give is gone,
The precious gifts of love and tears.

Therefore lament not, honest soul !
That Providence holds back from thee
The means thou mightst so well control—
The luxuries of charity.
Manhood is nobler, as thou art ;
And should some chance thy coffers fill,
How art thou sure to keep thy heart,
To hold unchanged thy loving will ?

Wealth, like all other power, is blind,
And bears a poison in its core,
To taint the best, if feeble mind,
And madden that debased before.
It is the battle, not the prize,
That fills the hero's breast with joy ;
And industry the bliss supplies
Which mere possession might destroy.

In the Prospect of Death.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between :
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms :
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, " Forgive my foul offence ! "
 Fain promise never more to disobey ;
 But, should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way ;
 Again in folly's path might go astray !
 Again exalt the brute, and sink the man ;
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan ?
 Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran.

O Thou, great Governor of all below !
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea :
 With that controlling power assist e'en me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine ;
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule their torrent in th' allow'd line :
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine.*

Heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

"Every ship is a romantic object except that we sail in. Embark, and the romance quits our vessel and hangs on every other sail on the horizon."

EMERSON.

R OUND about and round about
Heaven ever lies,
Blooming in the verdant grass,
Shining in the skies.

In the vistas of the wood
Where the sunlight gleams,
In the water-lilied creek
Of the murmuring streams.

In the deep and winding lane
Arch'd with hazel boughs,
In the blustering March wind
Fill'd with the rook's carouse.

In the whispers of the breeze
Blowing from the hills,
In the blackbird's welcome song—
The first song that he trills.

By the ever-echoing shore,
By the salt sea sit,
Watch the distant, shadowy sail
O'er the billow flit.

On that bright and boundless main
Heaven surely lies,
Mount the bark and sail away
To where it meets the skies.

Turn—behold that peaceful shore,
The ruin on the hill,
The upland farm, the pointing spire,
Gray cliff, and busy mill.

Shoreward stretch your longing arms ;
Sighing swells your heart ;
“Ah, wherefore from that lovely shore,
Ah, wherefore did I part !”

Round about and round about
Heaven ever lies,
But the best heaven is within
The bosom of the wise.

Yet 'tis not strange this longing,
So constant and so fond,
To grasp at all the beautiful
Which lies around, beyond.

The soul is of the Infinite,
Though held in earth's embrace,
And well it knows that everywhere
Shall be its dwelling place.

'Tis ever struggling to free
From earth its heavenly essence,
With *here* and *there* unsatisfied
It longs for Omnipresence.

My Psalm.

J. G. WHITTIER.

I MOURN no more my vanish'd years ;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run,
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward, nor behind,
I look in hope and fear :
But grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now, and here.

I plough no more a desert land
For harvest, weed and tare ;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar ;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given ;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong :
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have mark'd my erring track,
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turn'd me back.

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

That death seems but a cover'd way,
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair.

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play ;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to this day.

Thou hast Sworn by thy God, my Jeanie.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine ;
And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By a' the stars sown thick ower heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that loose sic bands,
And the heart that wad part sic love ;
But there's nae hand can loose my band
But the finger of God above.
Though the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
And my claiting e'er sae mean,
I wad lap me up rich i' the faulds o' luve,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,
Fu' safter than the down,
And Luve wad winnow ower us his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly I'll sleep an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass o' my luve,
Come here and kneel wi' me ;
The morn is fu' o' the presence o' God,
And I canna pray without thee.

The morn wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,
The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie ;
Our gudeman leans ower his kale-yard dyke,
And a blythe auld bodie is he.

The Beuk maun be taen when the carle comes hame,
 Wi' the holie psalmodie ;
 And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,
 And I will speak o' thee.

Where are the Plains of Zion.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Sir H. R. Bishop.*

SISTER.

WHERE are the plains of Zion—
 Where is the promised land ?
 Where angel footsteps wander,
 I long to join their band ;
 Look, where the glassy waters
 Glow 'neath the golden sky,
 Is that the spirit region
 We go to when we die ?

BROTHER.

Yes, where the clouds are floating,
 That look like gates of pearl,
 Beyond those radiant portals,
 'Tis there, my gentle girl ;
 There is the realm of freedom,
 Where we for evermore
 May dwell, when angels bear us
 To that celestial shore.

BOTH.

Yes, there are the plains of Zion—
 There is the promised land
 Where angel footsteps wander
 Upon the golden strand.

SISTER.

I've *seen* those angels near me,
They come to me in sleep,
They often sit beside me,
When I my vigils keep ;
And then I dream they waft me,
The silent air along,
And I, ere long, am going
To join the angel throng.

BROTHER.

Yes, where those golden portals
Shut out the realms of day,
I know the white-robed angels
Will bear thy soul away ;
E'en now they're hovering o'er thee,
Their glitterings wings I see ;
The earth they only visit
To wait for such as thee.

BOTH.

Yes, there are, &c.



The Singers.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.—*Music by J. Blockley.*

GOD sent His singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wander'd, and by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirr'd with accents deep and loud
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ roll'd
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seem'd to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of night,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

The Two Voices.

ERNEST WATMOUGH.

EVER are two voices speaking,
With a solemn strain to me,
And to them my heart is beating,
Silently, responsively.

Thus the first to me is telling,
And its tones so low, so clear,
Fall with slow and measured accent
On my anxious listening ear.

“ Life away is swiftly fleeting ;
Seize it while ’tis yet thine own ;
Thou canst not recall a moment,
When away from thee ’tis flown.

“ Why then should a load of sorrow
Ever cloud thy brow with gloom ?
When on earth awakes the morrow
Thou mayst sleep within the tomb.

“ Taste of life while yet the power
To enjoy its charms are thine ;
For to all must come an hour
When life’s sun no more will shine.”

But the second voice is breathing,
Truly ’tis a “ still small voice,”
And its whispers softly wreathing,
Bid my sinking soul rejoice.

“ Life is ever short and fleeting,
Ever hastening to the grave :
Still it is a cause of greeting
To the virtuously brave.

“Look not back upon the hours
 Which in youth and folly fled,
 For thou never canst recall them
 From the dim and shadowy dead.

“Thou hast but the present moments
 Given to thee as thine own ;
 Use them, live, and act within them,
 That thou mourn’st not when they’re gone.

“Manfully go meet the future,
 Though around dark clouds may lower ;
 Thou shalt conquer, if thy creed be
 In the word ‘EXCELSIOR.’

“LIFE is but a Field of Battle
 That to every man is given,
 Where he may, by fighting upwards,
 Win the path that leads to heaven.”



Little Sing.

REV. J. KEBLE.

LOOK westward, pensive little one,
 How the bright hues together run,
 Around where late the waning sun
 Sank in his evening cloud.
 Or eastward turn thee, and admire
 How linger yet the showers of fire,
 Deep in each fold, high on each spire
 Of yonder mountain proud.

Thou seest it not : an envious screen,
A fluttering leaflet, floats between
Thee and that fair mysterious scene,
 A veil too near thine eye.
One finger's breadth at hand will mar
A world of light in heaven afar,
A mote eclipse a glorious star,
 An eyelid hide the sky.

The Mother's Advice.

J. E. CARPENTER.

TAKE your Bible with you, dear one,
 Come what will—till life shall end,
Still be guided by its precepts,
 Then the Lord will be your friend :
Mother's voice no more may cheer you,
 But our Father dwells above,
In the hour of thy affliction
 Think how boundless is His love.

Deep may be thy bitter anguish ;
 Christ who died our souls to save,
He was scourged, but suffer'd meekly,
 Now he's risen from the grave :
Win thy right to share redemption
 By thy faith in Jesus' love ;—
There's no toil, but endless freedom,
 In the boundless realms above.

Evening Prayer.JOHN DUFF.—*Music by E. L. Hime.*

WHEN through the day we meet with care,
 And struggle on in this brief life,
 When oft we see fierce passions rise,
 And friends are mingled in the strife ;
 How sweet it is to look on high,
 To seek for consolation there,
 How blest the tranquil hour we feel
 When we invoke our evening prayer.

'Tis then the heart's with sorrow press'd
 By trials that we meet with here,
 Forget their grief, and fondly hope
 For solace in a brighter sphere :
 We feel no more the heavy cloud
 That would have brought us to despair ;
 But calmly trust in Him on high,
 To whom we raise our evening prayer.

The Two Angels.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TWO angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
 Pass'd o'er our village as the morning broke ;
 The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
 The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
 Alike their features and their robes of white ;
 But one was crown'd with amaranth, as with flame,
 And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd :
“ Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy belovèd are at rest ! ”

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had fill'd or haunted me,
And now return'd with threefold strength again.

The door I open'd to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that fill'd the house with light,
“ My errand is not Death, but Life,” he said ;
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

’Twas at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! if He but wave His hand,
 The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
 Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
 Lo ! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His ;
 Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
 Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
 Against His messengers to shut the door ?

The Supplication.

(In Temptation.)

J. E. CARPENTER.

God above, look down upon me,
Grant me strength this grief to bear ;
 Well I know Thy Son, my Saviour,
 Cried aloud in His despair ;
 There is no one nigh to aid me,
 Here no blessed light may shine,
 They would blight the soul within me,
 Let the victory be mine.

God above ! they told me, vainly
 It would be on Thee to call,
 But I know Thou 'lt not desert me—
 Then indeed 'twere darkness all ;
 Distant though the light is burning,
 Still I see it dimly shine,
 I can bear this great temptation,
 So the victory be mine.

Sabbath Bells.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by C. Hodgson.*

BLEST Sabbath bells, blest Sabbath bells,
How sadly sweet your music swells,
Like echoes from a distant sphere,
Those Sabbath chimes salute the ear ;
Sweet breathing bells, oh ! not in vain
Ye waft your soft and soothing strain ;
To drooping age ye seem to say,
“Wipe, child of earth, those tears away !”
We love the tale your music tells
Of happier climes, sweet Sabbath bells.

Sleep, pilgrim, sleep ! Those bells may play,
Where coldly rests the mould’ring clay ;
In vain their tuneful notes they pour,
Those Sabbath chimes are heard no more !
Sweet breathing bells, yet not in vain,
Ye waft your soft and soothing strain ;
To weeping friends ye seem to say,
“Wipe, child of earth, those tears away !”
We love the tale your music tells
Of happier climes, sweet Sabbath bells.

Earth and Heaven.

MRS C. F. ALEXANDER.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away !

Oh for the pearly gates of heaven !
 Oh for the golden floor !
 Oh for the Sun of Righteousness,
 That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint ;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint !
 Oh for a heart that never sins !
 Oh for a soul wash'd white !
 Oh for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day nor night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher ;
 But there are perfectness, and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.
 Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, LORD,
 And by Thy life laid down,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast away our crown.



The Little Evangelist.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Henry Farmer.*

The scene on which this song is founded is comprised in the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth chapters of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”—the length of which precludes extract, but which will be familiar to every reader of Mrs Stowe’s admirable work.

LE T them bring them to my chamber,
 Let them bring those flowers to me,
 For the sunny spots they grew in
 I never more may see ;

They know how well I love them,
And what have they to give,
Save those sweet flowers that, like your child,
Have little time to live !

For my sake do not blame them;
Do not chide them, mother dear ;
If my life would buy their freedom
I'd not wish to linger here.
But I pray my fleeting senses
Yet a little time may hold,
That I may bring this stricken flock
Within the Shepherd's fold.

'Tis vain—my time is coming,
Bid them stand before me now,
And, mother, take these shining locks,
And cut them from my brow ;
I'll give a parting tress to each,
That when my soul shall flee,
They'll think of little Eva's words,
And still remember me.



"Thy Will be Done."

ELIZA COOK.

LET the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright ;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
With their precious hallow'd light ;
But the prayer a mother taught
Is to me a matchless one ;
Eloquent and spirit-fraught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,
 Still those words, at evening hour,
 Imply some Being great and good,
 Of mercy, majesty, and power.
 Bending low on infant knee,
 And gazing on the setting sun,
 I thought that orb His home must be,
 To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have search'd the sacred page,
 I have heard the godly speech,
 But the lore of saint or sage
 Nothing holier can teach.
 Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
 But my soul the triumph won,
 When the anguish that I bore
 Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
 Have nerved my heart in every task,
 And howsoe'er my breast may bleed,
 No other balm of prayer I ask.
 When my whiten'd lips declare
 Life's last sands have almost run,
 May the dying breath they bear
 Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

Christmas.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

ONE cannot choose but love the bells,
 With their harmonious din—
 Those speaking bells, whose falls and swells
 Ring merry Christmas in :

They sound like angel voices sent
From some serener sphere,
Singing from out the firmament—
“The Prince of Peace is here.”

“Good-will fulfil, fulfil good-will,”
Their glad lips seem to say—
“The best ye can for brother man,”
Goes on the peaceful lay ;
And shall we scorn such fancy-songs,
If fancy songs they be—
Which lift us up from woes and wrongs,
And bid our hearts be free ?

No ! rouse to life the laughing blaze,
Draw round it every one ;
Away, sad thoughts of former days,
Cares of to-day, begone ;
Ah, now ye wear a cheerful look,
A bright and earnest grace,
Even the old clock in the nook
Trims up its burnish'd face.

Now for an anthem, such as rung
In halls and homes of old,
Let every soul to joy be strung,
Each voice flow free and bold ;
Lo ! as ye sing, each gentle thing
Stirs at the tuneful call,
For the berries that blush 'mid the holly bush
Are trembling upon the wall.

Dear Christmas days, how fair ye seem,
Calm, holy, and sublime !
Footprints of angels, how ye gleam
Along the path of Time !

Footprints whereon sweet heart-flowers blow,
 By worldly storms unriven,
 That we may mark them as we go,
 And find our way to Heaven.

A Hundred Years.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

A HUNDRED years, and still and low
 Will lie my sleeping head ;
 A hundred years, and grass will grow
 Above my dreamless bed.
 The grass will grow ; the brook will run ;
 Life still as fresh and fair
 Will spring in beauty 'neath the sun ;
 Where will my place be ? where ?

A hundred years ! some briefer space
 My life perchance had spann'd ;
 But ere they lapse my feet must pass
 Within the silent land.
 While on the plains, the lasting hills,
 In shadow and in shine,
 Still dial Time's slow chronicles ;
 What record will be mine ?

A hundred years ! O yearning heart !
 O spirit true and brave !
 With Doubt and Death thou hast no part,
 No kindred with the grave !
 For we shall last as lasts the Earth,
 And live as lives the Sun ;
 And we shall know that Death is Birth
 Ere a hundred years have run !

Oh, Teach Me to Love Thee.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Haydn.*

O H, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
Shall all other passions disown ;
Like some pure temple that shines apart,
Reserved for Thy worship alone.

In joy and sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living or dying the same,
In *Thy* service bloom and decay,
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and death,
On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that fix'd on earth
Still looks for its light from the sky.

The Parting Spirit.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by W. M. Cooke.*

F AREWELL ! oh, farewell !
Though in secret ye weep
Dark tears o'er the grave
Where in silence I sleep.
The night breeze that murmurs
My soul's parting knell,
Shall waft me from sorrow—
Farewell ! oh, farewell !

I go to the isles
Where the golden light gleams ;
I go the land
Ye have pictured in dreams ;
I soar to the realms
Where the bright spirits dwell,
Where hearts know no sorrow —
Farewell ! oh, farewell !



The Dove's Departure.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

O, beautiful and gentle dove,
And greet the morning ray ;
For lo ! the sun shines bright above,
And night and storm are pass'd away :
No longer drooping, here confined,
In this cold prison dwell ;
Go, free to sunshine and to wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.

O beautiful and gentle dove,
Thy welcome sad will be,
When thou shalt hear no voice of love
In murmurs from the leafy tree :
Yet freedom, freedom shalt thou find,
From this cold prison's cell :
Go, then, to sunshine and the wind,
Sweet bird, go forth, and fare thee well.



Guardian Angels.

J. E. CARPENTER.

GUARDIAN angels! do we doubt them?
Night by night, and day by day,
Could we guide our steps without them,
Where would wavering fancy stray?
Every noble thought that's spoken,
Every smile, and every sigh,
Are they not a sign—a token
That some guardian angel's by?

Guardian angels, hovering o'er us,
Keep the soul, in mercy, pure;
Had we not bright hope before us,
Could we this frail world endure?
Then, be sure, that ever near us
Voices come from forms unseen,
Breathed by angels sent to cheer us—
Watching earth and heaven between!

Winter.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

“The sweeping blast, the sky o’ercast,”
 The joyless winter day
 Let others fear, to me more dear
 Than all the pride of May:
 The tempest’s howl, it soothes my soul,
 My griefs it seems to join:
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine.

Thou *Power Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy Will*!
 Then all I want, (oh, do Thou grant
 This one request of mine !)
 Since to *enjoy* Thou must deny,
 Assist me to *resign*.

The Slave Singing at Midnight.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOUD he sang the Psalm of David !
 He, a negro and enslavèd,
 Sang of Israel’s victory,
 Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
 Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
 In a voice so sweet and clear,
 That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
 Such as reach’d the swart Egyptians,
 When upon the Red Sea coast
 Perish’d Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Fill'd my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the slave this glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks *his* dungeon-gates at night ?

Babylon.

BARRY CORNWALL.—*Music by Henry Phillips.*

(*Recitative.*)

PAUSE in this desert ! Here, men say, of old
Belshazzar reign'd, and drank from cups of gold ;
Here, to his hideous idols, bow'd the slave,
And here—God struck him dead !

Where lies his grave ?
'Tis lost !—His brazen gates ? His soaring towers,
From whose dark tops men watch'd the starry hours ?
All to the dust gone down ! The desert bare
Scarce yields an echo when we question *Where* ?
The lonely herdsman seeks in vain the spot ;
And the black wandering Arab knows it not.
No brick, nor fragment now remains, to tell
Where Babylon, mighty city, rose—and fell !

(Air.)

O City, vast and old !
 Where, where is thy grandeur fled ?
 The stream that round thee roll'd,
 Still rolls in its ancient bed !
But where, oh, where art THOU gone ?
O Babylon ! O Babylon !

The giant, when he dies,
 Still leaveth his bones behind,
 To shrink in the winter skies,
 And whiten beneath the wind !
But where, oh, where, &c.

Thou liv'st !—for thy name still glows,
 A light in the desert skies ;
 As the fame of the hero grows
 Thrice trebled because he dies !
O Babylon ! O Babylon !

Look Round.

ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

LOOK round ! look round !
 Within the precincts of thy native land ;
 See, there are many drooping ones who stand
 In need of a kind word—a helping hand.

Look round ! look round !

Look back ! look back !
 For surely it is wise for us to cast
 At times a thoughtful glance upon the past—
 Each bygone action has a moral vast :

Look back ! look back !

Look in ! look in !

Thy heart requires a keen and earnest gaze,
For 'tis deceitful. Search its hidden ways—
Such scrutiny the labour well repays.

Look in ! look in !

Look on ! look on !

Yes, though thy future may be dim or dark,
A light may kindle from a tiny spark :
Then trust and fear not—press on toward the mark,

Look on ! look on !

Look up ! look up !

A Father's loving eye o'erlooketh all ;
Nay, more—He all upholds, however small,
Unknown to Him a sparrow cannot fall.

Look up ! look up !

The Poor.

MRS JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

HAVE pity on them ! for their life
Is full of grief and care ;
You do not know one half the woe
The very poor must bear ;
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer,
“ Give us our daily bread.”

Their lot is made of misery
More hopeless day by day,
And through the long cold winter nights
Nor light nor fire have they ;

But little children, shivering, crouch
 Around the cheerless hearth,
 Their young hearts weary with the want
 That drags the soul to earth.

Deal gently with these wretched ones,
 Whatever wrought their woe ;
 The poor have much to tempt and test
 That you can never know ;
 Then judge them not, for hard indeed
 Is their dark lot of care ;
 Let Heaven condemn, but human hearts
 With human faults should bear.

Since first Thy Word.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Nicholas Freeman.*

SINCE first Thy Word awaked my heart,
 Like new life dawning o'er me,
 Where'er I turn mine eyes Thou art,
 All light and love before me.
 Naught else I feel, or hear, or see,—
 All bonds of earth I sever,
 Thee, O God, and only Thee,
 I live for now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
 When light shone o'er his prison,*
 My spirit, touch'd by mercy's ray,
 Hath from her chains arisen.
 And shall a soul Thou bidd'st be free
 Return to bondage?—never!
 Thee, O God, and only Thee,
 I live for now and ever.

* Acts xii. 7.

Beautiful Dove.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.—*Music by Henry West.*

THERE was Hope in the ark at the dawn of the day,
When o'er the wide waters the dove flew away ;
But when, ere the night, she came wearily back
With the leaf she had pluck'd on her desolate track,
The children of Noah knelt down and adored,
And utter'd in anthems their praise to the Lord—
“O bird of glad tidings ! O joy in our pain !
Beautiful dove ! thou art welcome again !”

When peace has departed the care-stricken breast,
And the feet of the weary one languish for rest ;
When the world is a wide-spreading ocean of grief,
How blest the return of the bird and the leaf !
Reliance on God is the dove to our ark,
And peace is the olive she plucks in the dark.
The deluge abates, there is sun after rain—
Beautiful dove ! thou art welcome again !



Types of Heaven.

MISS SARAH E. MAYO.

WHY love I the lily bell
Swinging in the scented dell ?
Why love I the woodnotes wild,
Where the sun hath faintly smiled ?
Daisies, in their beds secure,
Gazing out so meek and pure ?

Why love I the evening dew
In the violet's bell of blue ?
Why love I the vesper star,
Trembling in its shrine afar ?
Why love I the summer night
Softly weeping drops of light ?

Why to me do woodland springs
Whisper sweet and holy things ?
Why does every bed of moss
Tell me of my Saviour's cross ?
Why in every dimpled wave
Smiles the light from o'er the grave ?

Why do rainbows, seen at even,
Seem the glorious paths to heaven ?
Why are gushing streamlets fraught
With the notes from angels caught ?
Can ye tell me why the wind
Bringeth seraphs to my mind ?

Is it not that faith hath bound
Beauties of all form and sound
To the dreams that have been given
Of the holy things in heaven ?
Are they not bright links that bind
Sinful souls to sinless mind ?

From the lowly violet sod,
Links are lengthen'd unto God.
All are holy—stainless—sweet—
That on earth we hear or meet,
Are but types of that pure love
Brightly realised above !

A Child at Prayer.

JAMES BRUTON.—*Music by Dr Rimbault.*

O H ! is it not a holy sight
To see a fair child kneel,
Lift up his little hands, and make
His innocent appeal ?
To watch his tiny pleading eyes
Shed tears like blessed rain ?—
Tears that above, for human love,
Were never shed in vain !

And is it not a holy sound
To hear a fair child pray ?
To mark his little rosebud lips
The lisping blessings say ?
Oh, may those prayers in heaven be
Put by, like hoarded gold ;
And pardon win for after-sin,
When he is gray and old !

There's Peace in Heaven.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by C. E. Horn.*

SAY, where may Peace be found ;
I would the secret know.
Tell me, ye winds of heaven,
That round my pathway blow ;
Ye winged clouds, ye clouds of rain,
And thou eternal sea,
Tell me, thou solid land,
If Peace be found in thee.
But winds, and clouds, and stormy sea,
And earth, all answer, “ Not in me ! ”

Tell me, ye birds that soar
 To heaven on sparkling wing,
 Ye golden flowers that shed
 New glories on the spring ;
 Tell me, thou glittering arch,
 Thou bow of mighty span,
 If Peace, sweet Peace, on earth
 May e'er be found by man.
 But bird, and flower, and bow can say
 No more than this—“ We pass away ! ”

Tell me, ye mystic lights
 That glance along the sky,
 Ye lightnings as ye flash,
 Ye meteors as ye fly,
 Ye stars that blaze and burn
 In ether’s purple plains ;
 Thou moon, the secret tell
 Ere yet thy lustre wanes.
 Hark ! hark ! the sweet response is given,
 “ There’s Peace, there’s Peace in heaven.”

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Stevenson.*

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
 My temple, Lord, that arch of Thine,
 My censer’s breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
 When murmuring homewards to their caves,
 Or where the stillness of the sea,
 Even more than music, breathes of Thee !

I 'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like Thy throne ;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of Thy wondrous name.

I 'll read Thy anger in the rack
That clouds a while the daybeams' track,
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of Thy deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.



Moonlight on the Grave.

MRS JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

IT shineth on the quiet graves
Where weary ones have gone,
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone ;

And not a sound of busy life
To the still graveyard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.

All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every gravestone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground ;
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And it lighteth up the marble pile
Which human pride hath made.

It falleth with unalter'd ray
On the simple and the stern,
And it showeth with a solemn light
The sorrows we must learn ;
It telleth of divided ties
On which its beam hath shone,
It whispereth of heavy hearts
Which, brokenly, live on.

It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side,
It looketh where the maiden rests
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight hath not seen ;
It gazeth on the passionless,
Where agony hath been.

Yet it is well : that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours forth the tide
Of unavailing woe ;

It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky,
That all our sorrow liveth here—
The glory is on high !

For **E**ver.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by John Blockley.*

FOR ever ! it is written on
 The soft blue skies above,
'Tis read in all the silent stars
 That shine in peace and love ;
'Tis whisper'd by the mountain wind,
 'Tis murmur'd by the sea,
By all earth's brightest, fairest things,
 The stream, the flower, the tree.
 For ever ! 'tis a lovely dream,
 That haunts me like a spell,
 That tells of that bright happy land
 Where angels love to dwell !
 For ever ! and for ever !

For ever !—'tis the sweetest sound
 That memory oft recalls ;
For ever !—'tis the saddest tone
 That o'er the spirit falls :
Sad, when it tells some cherish'd one
 From time has pass'd away ;
Sweet, that it lives for ever, where
 The soul knows no decay.
 For ever ! 'tis a lovely dream, &c.

A Prayer in Sickness.

BARRY CORNWALL.

SEND down Thy winged angel, God !
 Amidst this night so wild ;
 And bid him come where now we watch,
 And breathe upon our child !

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
 And moans within her sleep,
 Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
 And striveth *not* to weep !

How gentle and how good a child
 She is, we know too well,
 And dearer to her parents' hearts
 Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
 To aid, when need may be,
 We hope—and have despair'd, at times ;
 But *now* we turn to Thee !

Send down Thy sweet-soul'd angel, God !
 Amidst the darkness wild,
 And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
 And heal our gentle child !

A Prayer

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

ROBERT BURNS.—*Music by T. Purday.*

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear,
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wander'd in those paths
 Of life I ought to shun ;
As *something* loudly in my breast
 Remonstrates I have done,

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
 With passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
 Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, *All-Good*, for such Thou art,
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
 No other plea I have,
But—*Thou art good*; and goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive.



The Reaper and the Flowers.

W. H. LONGFELLOW.—*Music by J. W. Hobbs.*

THREE is a reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair ? ” saith he—
 “ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me
 I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kiss'd their drooping leaves ;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flowerets gay,”
 The reaper said, and smiled ;
 “ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by His care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love ;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The reaper came that day ;
 ’Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.



Prayer.

J. HAIN FRISWELL.

I PRAY at morning ere the sun’s awake,
 Or when the morn’s beginning,—
 Under Thy wings, O gracious Lord, me take,
 And keep my soul from sinning.

I pray at noon, or ere a task's begun,
With prompt ejaculation,
Keep me, O Father, Holy Spirit, Son,
From evil perturbation.

When on my board is spread a frugal store,
Thankful I bow my head ;
Thou feed'st me, Lord, oh, gracious evermore,
While some for want lie dead.

What difference, Lord, seest Thou 'twixt them and me ?
I 'm fed while they're denied ;
Not more from sin than they am I, Lord, free :
Let this abate my pride.

When soars the lark into the summer sky,
Pouring full-throated praise,
I sing like him, and, Lord, like him I try
Towards Thee my soul to raise.

When golden fires are twinkling in the sky,
And birds their even song
Begin, while nature's hush'd, in praise do I
Seek, too, to add my song.

Not only on Thy sacred day of rest,
Within our church's portals,
Seek I in prayer my full thoughts to invest
For self and other mortals :

But every day and hour to Thee I tend,
Or seek to, Lord, in earnest :
Raise Thou my thoughts, my inclinations bend ;
He's stable whom Thou turnest.

I pray, for some, dear to me, very dear,
 Oh, bless them, Lord, and save ;
 And shouldst Thou take them, be to me, Lord, near,
 Kneeling beside their grave.

I pray for all who, living, daily tread
 Upon this land of graves ;
 Or who upon the sea are onwards sped,
 Driven by wind and waves.

Nor men alone : let all Thy creatures share
 Their fellows' benediction :
 Since Thou hast made them, they to me are dear,
 Without one faint restriction.

And prayer is mighty, comforting and sweet,
 And strengthens day by day ;
 It shields us in each danger that we meet :
 Lord ! teach us how to pray.



A Mother's Fears.

MRS JULIA WARD HOWE.

I AM one who holds a treasure,
 A gem of wondrous cost ;
 But I mar my heart's deep pleasure
 With the fear it may be lost.

God gives not many mothers
 So fair a child as thou,
 And those He gives to others
 In death are oft laid low.

I, too, might know that sorrow,
To stand by thy dying bed,
And wish each weary morrow
Only that I were dead.

Oh ! would that I could bear thee,
As I bore thee 'neath my heart,
And every sorrow spare thee,
And bid each pain depart !

Tell me some act of merit
By which I may deserve
To hold the angel spirit,
And its sweet life preserve.

When I watch the little creature,
If tears of rapture flow—
If I worship each fair feature—
All mothers would do so.

And if I fain would shield her
From suffering, on my breast,
Strive every joy to yield her,
'Tis thus that I am blest.

Oh for some heavenly token
By which I may be sure
The vase shall not be broken—
Dispersed the essence pure !

Then spake the angel of mothers
To me, in gentle tone,—
“ Be kind to the children of others,
And thus deserve thine own.”

Trust in God.

ELIZA COOK.

THEY tell us that the deep sea hath
More dangers than the shore ;
They whisper tales of ocean wrath,
And breakers' deadly roar.
How oft the ruddy cheek will pale
To leave the earth behind !
How oft the glowing heart will quail
Before the tempest wind !
We fear the billows' dash, but why ?
There's One to guard and save ;
There's One whose wide and watchful eye
Sleeps not above the wave.

Why should the soul withdraw its trust
Upon the foamy track ?
HE who gave life, all wise and just,
Knows when to ask it back.
Though death were nigh, I would not shrink ;
My faith, my hope, should rest
Upon a Maker's will, and think
Whate'er HE will'd the best.
I'd ever trust the ruling hand,
Howe'er the storm might rave,
For HE who watches o'er the land
Sleeps not above the wave.

The Sparrow's Fall.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by J. P. Knight.*

THE turf may be my lowly bed,
Heaven's arch the roof that decks my head,
God's stars the only eyes that keep
Their night watch o'er me while I sleep ;
Yet He who hears the raven's cry
Will ne'er forsake me where I lie ;
He'll guard me still, He'll hear my call,
Who marks the poorest sparrow's fall.

What though “*the cruse*” and “*meal*” be low,
His hand will all good things bestow ;
The bounteous hand which feeds and fills
The cattle on a thousand hills ;
And when on death's cold pillow cast,
I'll lay me down in peace at last ;
For well I know He'll hear my call,
Who marks the poorest sparrow's fall.



The Lighthouse.

W. H. BELLAMY.—*Music by J. L. Hatton.*

A MAN once built a lighthouse,
And he built it on a rock,
And he boasted it should bear unscathed
The storm's severest shock.
“ Of engineers I 'll be,” quoth he,
“ The proudest and the first ;
There stands my work, and it shall stand,—
The waves may do their worst.”

And stand it did, amid the sea,
Amid the shifting sand,
A fairer work to look upon
Ne'er came from mortal hand.
Forth went the word ! the winds arose,
The waves came thundering on,
At sundown it was standing,
The day broke—it was gone.

Another engineer then came,
A wiser, humbler man,
One who revered his Maker's word,
And loved His works to scan ;
He stood before a forest oak,
And mark'd its structure well,
He saw its slowly tapering height,
Its bold descending swell.
He gave it thought, he gather'd hope,
And like a brave man there,
Felt it no shame to bow his heart
In thankfulness and prayer.
To work he went, and this he graved
Upon the first laid stone,
“ Man may build up, the strength to stand
Must come from God alone.”

Slow rose the work, but safely slow,
Firm as the rooted oak ;
Day after day, storm after storm,
Above that lighthouse broke ;
At last came one, and seamen said,
While yet they saw it loom,
“ If it stand this, why, it will stand
Until the day of doom.”

The storm pass'd on, long years are gone,
The engineer sleeps well,
And still around that lighthouse towers,
 The eddying billows swell ;
And many a tar, from many a land,
 Through many a stormy night,
Still breathes a prayer for him that rear'd
 That heaven-protected light.

Is this all?

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of His face,
 But that is all.

Sometimes He looks on me, and seems to smile,
 But that is all.

Sometimes He speaks a passing word of peace,
 But that is all.

Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
 Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He spoke—
 “Come unto me?”

Is there no deeper, more enduring rest,
 In Him for thee?”

Is there no steadier light for thee in Him ?
 Oh, come and see !

Oh, come and see ! oh, look, and look again ;
 All shall be right ;

Oh, taste His love, and see that it is good,
 Thou child of night.

Oh, trust Him, trust Him in His grace and power,
 Then 'all is bright.

Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy thoughts,
 But love His love.
 Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
 His mercy prove ;
 Take Him for what He is ; oh, take Him all,
 And look above !

Then shall thy tossing soul find anchorage,
 And steadfast peace ;
 Thy love shall rest on His ; thy weary doubts
 For ever cease.
 Thy heart shall find in Him, and in His grace,
 Its rest and bliss.

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
 For evermore !
 Christ and His light shall shine on all thy ways
 For evermore !
 Christ and His peace shall keep thy troubled soul
 For evermore !



The Vision of Belshazzar.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by F. Nathan.*

THE king was on his throne,
 The satraps throng'd the hall ;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold—
 In Judah deem'd divine,
 Jehovah's vessels—hold
 The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The finger of a hand
Came forth against the wall
And wrote as if on sand :
The finger of a man ; .
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they had no skill ;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw the writing's truth.
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar’s grave is made,
 His kingdom pass’d away,
 He, in the balance weigh’d,
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone :
 The Mede is at his gate !
 The Persian on his throne ! ”



Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out of the land of bondage came,
 Her father’s God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish’d lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia’s crimson’d sands
 Return’d the fiery column’s glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer’d keen ;
 And Zion’s daughters pour’d their lays,
 With priest and warrior’s voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
 Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosp’rous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.

And oh, when stoops on Judah's paths,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suff'ring, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn ;
But Thou hast said,—“ The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.”



Mountain Prayer.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by S. Nelson.*

“ He went up into a mountain apart, to pray.”

A MIDST the ancient mountains, where the eagle made
his nest,
An aged man went up to pray, to bare his wearied breast ;
For the spirit of the solitude reign'd solemnly on high,
And there, unmark'd, his soul could hold communion with
the sky.

Apart from all of human kind, where stillness ever dwells,
The pure and holy fount of prayer sheds forth its holy spells ;
'Twas there HE went, the blessed one, in the vast and silent
day—

Oh, shun ye not the mountain path, but seek it—there to
pray !

And thus, amid the mountains, where the Son of Man hath
trod,
The patriarch went up to pray—to commune with his God ;
He breathed his fervent plaint alone amid the upper air,
Then sought the lesser world, but left his calm, pure spirit
there !

Angels' Visits.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by N. J. Sporle.*

“ANGELS’ visits” may, they tell us,
Seldom here on earth be seen,
E’er since sin and doubt befell us,
“Few” they are “and far between ;”
Yet we have a shadowy gleaming
Of their forms so pure and bright,
Round our pillows softly beaming,
In the silent hours of night !

Angels’ visits ! would we see them,
We must not expect them here ;
Doubters ! Angels always flee them,
They are not of this dull sphere :
But, if faith to us be given
Not God’s wisdom to forego,
In the starry realms of heaven
Angels’ visits we may know !

Almighty God !

Chorus of Priests.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Mozart.*

A LMIGHTY God ! when round Thy shrine
The palm-tree's heavenly branch we twine,*
(Emblem of Life's eternal ray,
And Love that "fadeth not away,")
We bless the flowers, expanded all ; †
We bless the leaves that never fall,
And trembling say,—“ In Eden thus
The Tree of Life may flower for us.”

When round Thy cherubs, smiling calm,—
Without their flames,—we wreath the palm,
O God ! we feel the emblem true :
Thy mercy is eternal too.
Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm, which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee above,—
Eternal Life, and Peace, and Love !

* “ The Scriptures having declared that the temple of Jerusalem was a type of the Messiah, it is natural to conclude that the *palm*, which were made so conspicuous a figure in that structure, represented that *life* and immortality which were brought to light by the gospel.”—*Observations on the Palm as a Sacred Emblem*, by W. Tighe.

† 1 Kings vi. 29.



Go when the Morning Shineth.ANONYMOUS.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

GO when the morning shineth,
 Go when the moon is bright,
 Go when the day declineth,
 Go in the hush of night ;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee ;
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way ;
 Even then the silent breathing
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach His throne of glory
 Who is mercy, truth, and love !

Oh ! not a joy or blessing
 With *this* we can compare,
 The power that He hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer !

Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,
Before His footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gives thee all.



If that High World.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by J. Nathan.*

I F that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears ;
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres !
How sweet this very hour to die !
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light—eternity !

It must be so ; 'tis not for self
That we so tremble at the brink,
And striving to o'erleap the gulf
Yet cling to Being's severing link.
Oh ! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares ;
With them the immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs !



Friend after Friend departs.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who has not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end :

Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone :
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day ;
Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.



There is a Bleak Desert.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Crescentini.*

THREE is a bleak desert, where daylight grows weary
Of wasting its smile on a region so dreary—
What may that desert be ?

'Tis life, cheerless life, where the few joys that come
Are lost, like that daylight, for 'tis not their home.

There is a lone pilgrim before whose faint eyes
The water he pants for but sparkles and flies—
Who may that pilgrim be ?
'Tis man, hapless man, through this life tempted on
By fair shining hopes, that in shining are gone.

There is a bright fountain through that desert stealing,
To pure bliss alone its refreshment revealing—
What may that fountain be ?
'Tis truth, holy truth, that, like springs under ground,
By the gifted of heaven alone can be found.*

There is a fair spirit, whose wand hath the spell
To point where those waters in secrecy dwell—
Who may that spirit be ?
'Tis faith, humble faith, who hath learn'd that where'er
Her wand bends to worship, the truth must be there.



Resignation.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys ;
To Thee, my only Rock, I fly,
Thy mercy and Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

* In singing, the following line had better be adopted :—
“ Can but by the gifted of heaven be found.”

Oh ! teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee,
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?
Why drooping seek the dark recess ?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflictor of the blow,
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Psalms of Life.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.—*Music by S. Glover.*

TELL me not in mournful numbers
“ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal :
“ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle—
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe’er pleasant ;
Let the dead past bury its dead ;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o’erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that, perhaps, another
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again

Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labour and to wait.

A Child's Hymn.

JAMES HOGG.

(For the close of the week.)

B EFORE Thy footstool, God of truth,
 A humble child bows down,
 To thank Thee for the joys of earth,
 And errors all to own.

I know Thou art the fountain-head
 Whence all my blessings flow ;
 But all Thy glory and Thy good
 I dare not seek to know :

Whether Thy way is on the wind,
 Thy pathway on the storm ;
 Or on the waste of waters wide,
 Which rolling waves deform ;

But this I know, by flood or wild,
Thou seest me night and day,
And grievest o'er the wayward child
That goes from Thee astray.

Through all this week Thy kindly sway
Has round me been for good,—
At task or play, by night or day,
In wilderness or wood.

And when I lay me down to sleep,
Thy guardian shield be spread ;
And angels of Thy presence keep
A watch around my bed.

Oh, teach me to adore Thy name,
For all Thy love to me ;
Thy guardian goodness to proclaim,
Thy truth and verity.

And through the darkness of the night
Watch o'er my thoughts that stray,
And lift mine eyes upon the light
Of a new Sabbath-day.

And in a holy frame employ
Thy day, new praise to give
To Him who wept that I might joy,
And died that I might live :

Who rose again and went above,
That sinful ones like me
Might glory in redeeming love,
To all eternity.

For all Thy blessings shower'd around
 My kindred and my race,
 I bless Thee, Lord, but most of all,
 For riches of Thy grace.

For peace of mind, for health of frame,
 And joys—a mighty store,
 Accept my thanks, and to Thy name
 Be glory evermore.



“Thy Kingdom Come.”

ELIZA COOK.

TIS human lot to meet and bear
 The common ills of human life ;
 There's not a breast but hath its share
 Of bitter pain and vexing strife.
 The peasant in his lowly shed,
 The noble 'neath a gilded dome,
 Each will at some time bow his head,
 And ask and hope, “Thy kingdom come !”

When some deep sorrow, surely slow,
 Despoils the cheek and eats the heart,
 Laying our busy projects low,
 And bidding all earth's dreams depart—
 Do we not smile, and calmly turn
 From the wide world's tumultuous hum,
 And feel the immortal essence yearn,
 Rich with the thought, “Thy kingdom come ?”

The waves of Care may darkly bound
And buffet, till, our strength outworn,
We stagger as they gather round,
All shatter'd, weak, and tempest-torn :
But there's a lighthouse for the soul,
That beacons to a stormless home ;
It safely guides through roughest tides—
It shines, it saves ! “ Thy kingdom come ! ”

To gaze upon the loved in death,
To mark the closing beamless eye,
To press dear lips, and find no breath--
This, this is life's worst agony !
But God, too merciful, too wise
To leave the lorn one in despair,
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
“ My kingdom come !—Ye'll meet them there ! ”

By the Rivers of Babylon.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by J. Nathan.*

WE sate down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the love of his slaughter,
Made Salem's high places his prey ;
And ye, oh, her desolate daughters !
Were scatter'd, all weeping, away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which roll'd on in freedom below,
They demanded the song ; but, oh, never
That triumph the stranger shall know !
May this right hand be wither'd for ever
Ere it string our high harp for the foe.

On the willow that harp is suspended,
O Salem ! its sound should be free ;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee :
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me !

The Death-Bed.

THOMAS HOOD.—*Music by John Blockley.*

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had
Another morn than ours.

Touta Nika.

MRS G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

WE read on the historic page,
The monarch Constantine,
Whilst marching 'gainst a Pagan foe,
Invoked the Power Divine,
In choice of a religious creed
To lead his steps aright,
To grant him knowledge of the truth,
And aid him in the fight.
When in the dusky evening sky
Appear'd the Christian's sign :
The Cross, in unimagined light,
And bore these words divine,—
“ In *this* overcome.”

The startled monarch stood amazed,
Own'd the God-given guide,
Upear'd the standard of the Cross,
And fought, faith-fortified.
For, trusting not in human strength,
He sought help from on high,
And, ever in the cause of truth,
March'd but to victory.
Still far and wide his conquests spread
In temple, council, field ;
And wheresoe'er the Cross was rear'd,
And God in Christ reveal'd,
“ In *this* overcome.”

And so the Christian, whensoe'er
Assail'd by doubts or fears,
Should turn the inner eye above,
And, lo ! the Cross appears !

A promise to the fainting heart,
 A guide in doubt's thick shade,
 A refuge to the penitent,
 In cheering light array'd.
 Or if his soul is e'er assail'd
 By foes without, within,
 Raise but the standard of the Cross,
 And quell the hosts of sin,—
 “In *this* overcome.”



The Orphan.

MRS MACLEAN—LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

ALONE, alone!—No other face
 Wears kindred smile, or kindred line;
 And yet they say my mother's eyes—
 They say my father's brow—is mine;
 And either had rejoiced to see
 The other's likeness in my face;
 But now it is a stranger's eye
 That finds some long-forgotten trace.

I heard them name my father's death,
 His home and tomb alike the wave;
 And I was early taught to weep
 Beside my youthful mother's grave.
 I wish I could recall one look,—
 But only one familiar tone;
 If I had aught of memory,
 I should not feel so all alone.

My heart is gone beyond the grave
In search of love I cannot find,
Till I could fancy soothing words
Are whisper'd by the evening wind.
I gaze upon the watching stars,
So clear, so beautiful above,
Till I could dream they look at me
With something of an answering love.

My mother ! does thy gentle eye
Look from those distant stars on me ?
Or does the wind at evening bear
A message to thy child from thee ?
Dost thou pine for me as I pine
Again a parent's love to share ?
I often kneel beside thy grave,
And pray to be a sleeper there.

The vesper-bell !—'Tis eventide,
I will not weep, but I will pray :
God of the fatherless, 'tis Thou
Alone canst be the orphan's stay !
Earth's meanest flower, heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal to their Maker's love ;
And I can say, "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hopes above.

Cradle Song.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

LULLABY, lullaby, baby dear !
Take thy rest without a fear :
Quiet sleep, for mother is here,
Ever wakeful, ever near.

Lullaby !

Lullaby, lullaby ! gone is the light,
Yet let not darkness my baby fright ;
Mother is with her amid the night,
Then softly sleep, my heart's delight.
Lullaby !

May thy small dreams no ill things see.
Kind Heaven keep watch, my baby, o'er thee,
Kind angels bright thy guardians be,
And give thee smiling to-day and me.
Lullaby !

Sleep on, sleep on ! thy rest is deep ;
But, ah ! what wild thoughts on me creep,—
As by thy side my watch I keep,—
To think how like to death is sleep
Lullaby !

But God, our Father, will hear my prayer,
And have thee, dear one, in His care ;
Thee, little one, soft breathing there,
To me the Lord's dear love will spare,
Lullaby !

Sleep on ! sleep on ! till glad day break,
And with the sunshine gladly wake,
Thy mother's day, how blest to make !
Her life, what joy ! through thy dear sake,
Lullaby !



The Child's Evening Hymn.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.—*Air, Evening Hymn.*

RE on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say !
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year.

And, oh ! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due ;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.

My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard, and save from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother.

[For that dear brother gone from earth,
Who soothed my woe, who shared my mirth,
Oh, teach me, Father, Thee to love,
That we may meet in realms above.] *

And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

* The fourth verse is introduced by the Editor.

“Be not Afraid ; ‘Tis I.”

Matt. xiv.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.—*Music by Edwin Flood.*

“BE not afraid ; ‘tis I”
 Who walk the mighty deep ;
 Who bid the storm pass by,
 Or rock the waves to sleep :
 Though mountain billows swell,
 And thunders shake the sky,
 A breath of mine can quell—
 “Be not afraid ; ‘tis I.”

“Be not afraid ; ‘tis I :”
 But have ye ought to fear ?
 Can danger e’er be nigh,
 And God, too, not be near ?
 “Oh, ye of little faith,”
 Who raise the feeble cry
 To Him who ever saith—
 “Be not afraid ; ‘tis I.”



The Christian Graces.

No. 1.—FAITH.

REV. J. R. WREFORD.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

“ORD, I believe : Thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey ;
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from Thy truth I stray.

Lord, I believe : but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

Lord, I believe : but Thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak ;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.
Yes ! I believe ; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief ;
Lord ! to Thy truth my spirit bow ;
Help Thou my unbelief.

No. 2.—HOPE.

CHARLES JEFFERY'S.—*Music by Stephen Glover:*

MOURNER, why this fruitless sorrow ?
Let me soothe thee with my lay,
Darkest night hath brightest morrow,
So shall sadness pass away.
Heavy is thy heart with anguish,
Sorely are thy thoughts oppress'd,
Mourner, wherefore dost thou languish ?
I am here to give thee rest.

My blest mission is from heaven,
Thither let thy thoughts ascend ;
Free thy heart from earthly leaven ;
Thou shalt know me as thy friend :
Be thy prayers and adorations
Made unto that bright abode,
I will lead thy aspirations
To the temple of thy God !

No. 3.—CHARITY.

CHARLES JEFFERY'S.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
 Chief among the “blessed three,”
 Turning sadness into gladness,
 Heaven-born art thou, Charity !
 Pity dwelleth in thy bosom ;
 Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
 Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
 Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping ever, failing never,
 Though deceived, believing still ;
 Long abiding, all confiding,
 In thy heavenly Father's will.
 Never weary of well-doing,
 Never fearful of the end :
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,
 Thou dost all alike befriend.

The Sleeper.J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by F. Wallerstein.*

I HAD a vision in the night ;—
 An infant tired with play,
 While o'er it bent two angels bright,
 As there it sleeping lay :
 I knew that they were Death and Sleep,
 But which I could not name,
 Nor why that both should vigil keep,
 Why pictured both the same.

Since then I've seen life's last light fade,
And pass its latest breath ;
Then knew I why my vision made
Sleep so akin to Death.

Between the white-wing'd angels stood
A form,—“twas TIME,” I said ;
My vision, in a happy mood,
Thus hope and comfort shed :
For sleep knows two awakings,—one
Where sweet bells gaily chime,
And one, life's pilgrimage begun,
That's only known to TIME.
And well it is for our repose,
When bound in slumber deep,
That Time alone the future knows,
The hour for Death or Sleep.

Song after Labour.

BARRY CORNWALL.

LABOUR'S strong and merry children,
Comrades of the rising sun,
Let us sing some songs together,
Now our toil is done.

No desponding, no repining !
Leisure must by toil be bought.
Never yet was good accomplished,
Without hand and thought.

Even God's all holy labour
Framed the air, the stars, the sun ;
Built our earth on deep foundations ;
And—the World was won !

I sought the Lord.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by N. J. Sporle.*

I SOUGHT the Lord—He heard my voice,
 The hour of sorrow pass'd away ;
 He bade my trembling soul rejoice,
 And smooth'd the paths where now I stray :
 I look back to the past where never
 My footsteps shall return again,
 For, in *His* path I'll walk for ever,
 And steadfast in my faith remain !

I sought the Lord—and me He heard,
 He let my prayers to heaven ascend ;
 And, trusting in His holy word,
 I knew no other hope or friend ;
 And now with meek and chasteñ'd spirit
 I pray my sins may be forgiven,
 That I, hereafter, may inherit
 A rest above—a home in heaven.

His Will be Done !

JAMES BRUTON.—*Music by Dr Rimbault.*

O MOTHER ! it is hard to die
 When all is glad around ;
 When smiling stars light up the sky,
 And flowers begem the ground !
 When bee and bird abroad are heard,
 And summer just begun :
 But, mother ! I will not complain—
 For let His will be done !

O mother ! it is hard to die,
When e'en but yesternight,
My cheek was red, and in my eyes
Hope lit its cheating light !
I hear the noise of playmate boys
In search of pleasure run :
But, mother ! I will not complain—
For let His will be done !

O mother ! it is hard to die,
And leave you here to weep,
With none to dry your tears when I
Shall sleep the long deep sleep !
My pillow raise, and let me gaze
On yonder setting sun,
Which I may never see again—
But let His will be done !



O Thou who Dry'st the Mourner's Tear.

Psalm cxlvii. 3.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Haydn.*

O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy Wing of Love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 Our peace-branch from above !
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day !

The Beatitudes.

No. I.—SORROW.

“Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.”—MATT. v. 4

CHARLES JEFFERY'S.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

IN this world abideth sorrow ;
 Rich and poor, and high and low,
 Wearied age and early childhood
 Must the pangs of sorrow know :
 But when earthly griefs are keenest,
 Hark what cheering words are said :
 They that mourn are blessed ;—blessed,
 For they shall be comforted.

If we seek our only solace
In the one pure source above,
Happy is the heart that's chasten'd
By the Father's hand of love.
He who is the Lord of Glory,
Had not where to lay His head—
Thus He sorrow'd, thus He suffer'd,
That we might be comforted.

No. 2.—MEEKNESS.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."—MATT. v. 6.

CHARLES JEFFERY'S.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

B E meek, be patient: oh, how blest is he
Whose heart is ever ready to forgive;
Who knows, 'mid unresented injury,
That unresisted anger cannot live.
A little spark may rouse a raging fire,
The more opposed, the more will anger burn;
But feed it not, the spark will soon expire;
So Strife, provoked not, will to Peace return.

Of Adam born, there never lived but One
Who needed not forgiveness, and yet He
Was scorn'd, despised, rejected, left alone
To bear the burden of His misery.
By man betray'd, how tender was the prayer,
In dying whispers, breathed by lips divine:
May we such Patience learn; like Him forbear,
Confide in promised joys, and ne'er repine.

No. 3.—MERCY.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."—MATT. v. 7.

CHARLES JEFFERY'S.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

B E merciful, for they are blessed
Who the gifts of Mercy show;
In *their* need, they shall find that mercy
Which on others they bestow.
To help the friendless, save the erring,
Raise the fallen, cheer the lone,
To win the wayward back to duty,
This, sweet Mercy, is thine own.

Be ever merciful in judging;
Be not cold to Want's appeal—
'Tis better we should err in kindness,
Than let Pity's fount congeal.
If here on earth thou wouldest be happy,
Know that man is nearest heaven
When he freely grants forgiveness,
As he hopes to be forgiven.

No. 4.—PEACE.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—MATT. v. 9.

CHARLES JEFFERY'S.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

"T O God be glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good-will to man"—
Thus sang on high the Herald Angels
When Redemption's work began :—

Go forth, proclaim it to the nations,
Hence let strife and warfare cease ;
For best of all the Earth's oblations
Are the offerings of Peace.

Peacemakers, ye on earth are blessed,
Children of the Holy One :—
That ye the kingdom shall inherit,
Was the promise of the Son.
Then go, proclaim it to the nations,
Hence let strife and warfare cease ;
For purest of all Earth's oblations,
Are the offerings of Peace.



The Bow in the Cloud.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant
between me and the earth."—GEN. ix. 13.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

NEVER complain, though thy sorrows be many ;
Child of affliction, thy lot is to bear !
What are thy sufferings, mortal, to any
He who died for us consented to share ?
He whom He loveth He chasteneth, and sorrow
May, for the moment, thy pathway o'ershroud !
Trembler ! look up—there is hope for thy morrow,
For has not the Lord set *His bow in the cloud* ?

Sign of His goodness and type of His glory,
Token and promise of peace upon earth,—
Covenant, giving the young and the hoary,
Hope of hereafter, a holier birth ;

Blessed on earth be His name who from heaven
 Has, in the fulness of goodness, allow'd
 Hope for the past—for the future has given
 The token of promise—*the bow in the cloud!*

Thou Art, O God !

Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

T. MOORE.—*Air, unknown.*

THOU art, O God, the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see,
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from Thee.
 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine !

When day, with farewell beams, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven—
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

Lady Mary.

Rev. H. ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury.

THOU wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun ;
And fairer yet thou mightest be,
Thy youth was but begun :
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue ;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thy hour of rest :
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek ;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone :

And I saw thee when the winter moon
 Shone on thy marble cheek,
 When the morn of the Nativity
 Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
 With thy palms upon thy breast,
 Among the perfect spirits
 In the land of rest :
 Thou art even as they took thee
 At thine hour of prayer,
 Save the glory that is on thee
 From the Sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
 On that shore unknown,
 A pure and happy angel
 In the presence of the Throne ;
 We shall see thee when the light divine
 Plays freshly on thy cheek,
 And the Resurrection morning
 Hath just begun to break.

Oh ! Weep for Those.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

OH ! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
 Whose shrines are desolate, whose land's a dream ;
 Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell ;
 Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet ?
 And when shall Zion's songs again seem sweet ?

And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly voice ?

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away and be at rest !
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !

The Rainbow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
On mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep
The first-made anthem rang
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

The Light of Stars.

W. H. LONGFELLOW.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars :

Is it the tender star of love ?
The star of love and dreams ?
Oh no ! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailèd hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not, in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know, ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is
 To suffer, and be strong.



Have Faith in Him.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by J. W. Cherry.*

HAVE faith in Him who rules the deep
 And stills the angry wave,
 At whose dread word the surges sweep
 O'er many an ocean grave ;
 Whose hand is in the storm and calm
 To succour or destroy ;
 He is thy shield 'gainst every harm,—
 To Him sing songs of joy !
 Have faith in Him ; 'tis not for man
 To judge His wond'rous ways,
 He can thy every action scan,—
 To Him sing songs of praise !

Have faith in Him who rules the world,
Whose eye can compass all ;
The rocks from their foundation hurl'd,
And marks the sparrow's fall :
Whose voice is in the evening breeze,
- And in the tempest's roar ;
Who rules the heaven, the earth, the sea,
And can the dead restore.
Have faith in Him ; be not afraid
To walk within His ways ;
Think in His image ye are made,—
To Him sing songs of praise !

Ho! Every One that Thirsteth.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

HO! every one that thirsteth,
 Drink at the living well,
Within whose source the streams of life
 And joy eternal dwell ;
Come ye, the poor, no worldly gift
 The sacred draught can buy ;
Pure, deep, and sweet, and without price,
 The sacred waters lie.

Come ye in faith, incline your ear,
 And so your soul shall live,
Strengthen'd for ever by the draught
 The well of truth can give :
And God, yea, even God, whose words
 Alone are just and true,
Will hear and make an everlasting
 Covenant with you.

Come ye in faith, and ye shall then
 Go out with joy—be led forth free
 As the high mountains and the hills,
 That seem to sing in glee !
 And that shall be a sign to thee
 That He hath heard thy voice ;
 And ye who walk within His ways
 May evermore rejoice !

Jephtha's Daughter.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

SINCE our country, our God, O my sire !
 Demand that thy daughter expire ;
 Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
 Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
 And the mountains behold me no more :
 If the hand that I love lay me low,
 There cannot be pain in the blow.

And of this, O my father ! be sure—
 That the blood of thy child is as pure
 As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
 And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
 Be the judge and the hero unbent !
 I have won the great battle for thee,
 And my father and country are free.

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died !

The Pilgrim.

MRS MACLEAN, "L. E. L."

VAIN folly of another age,
His wandering over earth,
To find the peace by some dark sin
Banish'd our household hearth.

On Lebanon the dark green pines
Wave over sacred ground ;
And Carmel's consecrated rose
Springs from a hallow'd mound.

Glorious the truth they testify,
And blessed is their name ;
But even in such a sacred spot
Are sin and woe the same.

O pilgrim ! vain each toilsome step,
Vain every weary day ;
There is no charm in toil or shrine
To wash thy guilt away.

Return, with prayer and tear, return
To those who weep at home ;
To dry their tears will more avail
Than o'er a world to roam.

There's hope for one who leaves with shame
The guilt that lured before ;
Remember, He who said, " Repent,"
Said also, " Sin no more."

Return, and in thy daily round
Of duty and of love,
Thou best will find that patient faith
Which lifts the soul above.

In every innocent prayer each child
Lisps at his father's knee,
If thine has been to teach that prayer,
There will be hope for thee.

There is a small white church which stands
Beside thy father's grave,
There kneel and pour those earnest prayers
That sanctify and save.

Around thee draw thine own home ties,
And, with a chaste'n'd mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace
No wandering will find.

In charity and penitence
Thy sin will be forgiven ;
Pilgrim, the heart is the true shrine
Whence prayers ascend to heaven.

Awake, Arise, thy Light is Come.

Isaiah lx

T. MOORE—*Air, Stevenson.*

A WAKE, arise, thy light is come ;
The nations that before outshone thee,
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—
The glory of the Lord is on thee !

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,
From every nook of earth shall cluster ;
And kings and princes haste to pay
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters,
Thy exiled sons return to thee,
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents,
Shall lay their treasures down before thee ;
And Saba bring her gold and scents,
To fill thy air, and sparkle o'er thee.

See, who are these that, like a cloud,
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,
Like doves, long absent, when allow'd
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions ?

Surely the isles shall wait for me,
The ships of Tarshish round will hover,
To bring thy sons across the sea,
And waft their gold and silver over.

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—
 The fir, the pine, the palm victorious,
 Shall beautify our holy place,
 And make the ground I tread on glorious.

No more shall Discord haunt thy ways,
 Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;
 But thou shalt call thy portals Praise,
 And thou shalt name thy walls Salvation.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,
 No more shall lend her lustre to thee ;
 But God himself shall be thy light,
 And flash eternal glory through thee.

Thy sun shall never more go down ;
 A ray from heaven itself descended
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.

My own elect and righteous land !
 The Branch, for ever green and vernal,
 Which I have planted with this hand,
 Live thou shalt in life eternal.



The Land of Promise.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by Dr E. F. Rimbault.*

WEARY wand'rer through the Desert,
 Trav'ller through this vale of tears,
 Bent with age, and worn with sorrow,
 Cheer thy heart and calm thy fears.

O'er yon sunny hills of gladness,
Pilgrim, turn your weeping eyes ;
Lo, behold the land of promise,
See the glorious prospect rise.
Weary wanderer through the desert,
Traveller through this vale of tears,
Bent with age, and worn with sorrow,
Cheer thy heart and calm thy fears.

Rest thee, now thy toils are ended ;
Weep no more, the desert's past ;
Ne'er again shall pain or sadness
O'er thy heart a shadow cast.
See yon bright and shining river,
Pilgrim, drink, the stream's divine ;
Thither lies the land of promise,
Enter, pilgrim, all is thine.
Weary wanderer through the desert,
Travellers through this vale of tears,
Bent with age, and worn with sorrow,
Cheer thy heart, and calm thy fears.

Going Out and Coming In.

ISA CRAIG.—*Music by J. W. Hobbs.*

IN that home was joy and sorrow
Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
Near unto the gate of death :
His feeble pulse was failing,
And his eye was growing dim,
He was standing on the threshold
When they brought the babe to him ;

While to murmur forth a blessing
 On the little one he tried,
 In his trembling arms he raised it,
 Press'd it to his lips, and died ;
 An awful darkness resteth
 On the path they both begin,
 Who thus met upon the threshold—
 Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
 Coming in unto the fight ;
 Coming in unto the darkness,
 Going out unto the light ;
 Although the shadow deepen'd
 In the moment of eclipse,
 When he pass'd through the dread portal
 With the blessing on his lips ;—
 And to him who bravely conquers,
 As he conquer'd in the strife,
 Life is but the way of dying,
 Death is but the gate of life.
 Yet awful darkness resteth
 On the path we all begin,
 Where we meet upon the threshold—
 Going out and coming in.



Sleep, Baby, Sleep !

GEORGE WITHER.

SLEEP, baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry ?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.

My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear ?
What thing to thee can mischief do ?
Thy God is now thy father dear,
His holy Spouse, thy mother too.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,
A sacred bathing thou hast had ;
And though thy birth unclean hath been,
A blameless babe thou now art made.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,
For thee great blessings ripening be ;
Thine Eldest Brother is a King,
And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;
For whosoever thee offends
By thy protector threaten'd are,
And God and angels are thy friends.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,
In little babes He took delight ;
Such innocents as thou, my dear,
Are ever precious in His sight.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He ;
And strength in weakness then was laid
Upon His virgin mother's knee,
That power to thee might be convey'd.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
He friends and helpers doth prepare.
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
For of thy weal they tender are.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease ;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
Where oxen lay, and asses fed :
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
An easy cradle or a bed.
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;
And by His torments and his pain
Thy rest and ease securèd be.

My baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
A promise and an earnest got
Of gaining everlasting bliss,
Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not ;
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by Isaac Nathan.*

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which Music hallow'd while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !
It soften'd men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own ;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne !

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God ;
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;
Its sound aspired to Heaven and their abode !
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion, and her daughter, Love,
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

Ruth and Naomi.

DUET

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

NAOMI.

GO forth ! my hearth is desolate,
 I'm old and childless now ;
 God's wrath falls at the widow's gate,
 His hand is on her brow ;
 But thou, my well-belovèd Ruth,
 Earth's blessings may command ;
 Back in thy beauty and thy youth,
 Back to thine own bright land !

RUTH.

Nay, mother—still my mother dear,
 For was not he, thy son,
 Now call'd away from earth's dull sphere,
 Mine own belovèd one ?
 Mother, I still will cleave to thee,
 A blessing in thine age,
 A guide, a help, if such may be,
 Through thy lone pilgrimage.

BOTH.

The dead have pass'd the widow's gate,
 The loved ones all are flown :
 Oh ! who remain so desolate
 As they who mourn alone ?

NAOMI.

Beloved, amid Judea's band
 My kindred dwell, but thine
 Are distant from that holy land,
 Nor pray at Judah's shrine :

Yet, kindly as ye dealt with him,
The dead—so deal with me,
And till these aged eyes grow dim
I will remember thee.

RUTH.

Ask me no more to leave thy side,
Intreat me not to go,
For wheresoe'er thou may'st abide,
There will I dwell also ;
And I will bend the suppliant knee
With thee at Judah's shrine ;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thy God shall be mine.

BOTH.

And we will bend the suppliant knee
At Judah's holy shrine ;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thy God shall be mine.

The Nautilus.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by C. Hodgson.*

FAIR o'er the wave when the winds are asleep,
And hush'd is the cry of the sea-bird's wild note,
And the sunshine of heaven plays over the deep,
There the Nautilus glides in her beautiful boat ;
How she spreads her broad sail, how she speeds on her flight ;
All alone on the billow she feels no alarm,
A vision of beauty, a creature of light ;
She dreams not of danger, she dreads not the storm ;

Should a tempest arise, swiftly furl'd is the sail,
 One moment she lingers, we see her no more ;
 She is gone where she hears not the blast of the gale,
 To sleep till the storm and the tempest are o'er.

In that beautiful creature an emblem I see
 Of a spirit redeem'd, of a soul that's at rest,
 Embark'd on the waves of life's treacherous sea,
 While the sunshine of glory plays over her breast.
 All unfurl'd is the sail, for the breathings of love
 Waft her sweetly away from the troubles of time ;
 She fears not the billows while gazing above,
 As she steers her frail bark to heaven's beautiful clime ;
 Should the storm roll around, should the waters prevail,
 She flies to the haven of safety and peace,
 In the depths of His mercy she hides from the gale,
 And sleeps till the storm and the tempest shall cease.

Were not the sinful Mary's Tears.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Stevenson.*

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven,
 When o'er the faults of former years
 She wept—and was forgiven.

When bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stored,
 She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
 The precious odours pour'd.

And wiped them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shone,
 Though now those gems of grief were there
 Which shine for God alone !

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart, that inly bled,
Heaven's noblest sacrifice ?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh, wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
“Love much,” * and be forgiven !

Blessed are the Pure in Spirit.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Pohlenz.*

BLESSED are the pure in spirit,
Who all worldly joys despise,
Seeking only to inherit
Purer mansions in the skies ;
They whose hope in heaven is centred,
Trusting to His word alone,
Who the righteous path have enter'd
That shall lead them to His throne.

Blessed are the poor, whose treasure
Is the worth that passeth show,
Whom our heavenly Lord shall measure
By their good deeds here below ;
Though no earthly princes heed them,
They shall see their Maker's face,
When the last great day shall lead them
To His heavenly throne of grace.

* Luke vii. 47.

Christmas Morn.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;
 The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
 The Christmas bells from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
 From far and near, on mead and moor,
 Swell out and fail, as if a door
 Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
 That now dilate, and now decrease,
 Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
 Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

Rise, happy morn ! rise, holy morn !
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
 O Father ! touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was born.

**On Jordan's Bank.**LORD BYRON.—*Music by J. Graham.*

ON Jordan's bank the Arab's camels stray,
 On Sion's hill the false one's votaries pray,
 The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—
 Yet there—even there—O God ! Thy thunders sleep.

There—where Thy finger scorch'd the tablet-stone !
There—where Thy shadow to Thy people shone !
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire ;
Thyself—none living see and not expire.

Oh ! in the lightning let Thy glance appear,
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppressor's spear :
How long by tyrants shall Thy land be trod ?
How long Thy temple worshipless, O God ?

Where is your Dwelling, ye Sainted ?

T. MOORE.—*Air, Hasse.*

WHERE is your dwelling, ye sainted ?
Through what Elysium more bright
Than fancy or hope ever painted,
Walk ye in glory and light ?
Who the same kingdom inherits ?
Breathes there a soul that may dare
Look to that world of spirits,
Or hope to dwell with you there ?

Sages ! who, even in exploring
Nature through all her bright ways,
Went, like the seraphs adoring,
And veil'd your eyes in the blaze,—
Martyrs ! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood,—
Sinners ! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good,—

Maidens ! who, like the young crescent,
 Turning away your pale brows
 From earth, and the light of the present,
 Look'd to your Heavenly Spouse,—
 Say, through what region enchanted
 Walk ye, in heaven's sweet air?
 Say to what spirit 'tis granted,
 Bright souls, to dwell with you there.



The Heart's Longing.

F. W. FABER.

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !
 Who doth not crave for rest ?
 Who doth not seek the happy land
 Where they that loved are blest ?
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
 'Tis weary waiting here :
 We long to be where Jesus is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
 Where loyal hearts and true
 Stand ever in the light,
 All rapture through and through,
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise ! O Paradise !
We want to sin no more ;
We want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

The Longest Day.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LET us quit the leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by ;
For the sun is in his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashion'd by the glowing light ;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renew'd her calm career ;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Summer ebbs ; each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
 In His providence, assign'd
 Such a gradual declination
 To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not ; fruits redden,
 Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,
 And the heart is loath to deaden
 Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden !
 And, when thy decline shall come,
 Let not flowers, or bough fruit-laden,
 Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, e'en now, ere wrapp'd in slumber,
 Fix thine eyes upon the sea
 That absorbs time, space, and number—
 Look thou to eternity !



The Worth of Time.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by E. Perry.*

A N old man and a little child
 Together went their way,
 Amid the blossoms of the wild
 The child oft paused to play ;
 “Ah ! trifle not amid the flowers,”
 The gray-hair’d teacher said,
 “For precious are the passing hours,
 And mourn’d as soon as fled.”

The old man took the little child
And led him by the hand,
But still where'er a blossom smiled
The boy contrived to stand ;
“Ah ! linger not, although the flowers
To thee a joy may bring,
They but remind *me* of the hours
I lost in my life’s spring.”

The child went on—the old man fled,
But ne’er the boy forgot
The words that gray-hair’d teacher said
Through all his future lot :
And wisely are *his* children taught
When in some olden rhyme
He tells them how he first was brought
To know the worth of time.

Holy Ground.

J. E. CARPENTER.

NO T alone by the old gray towers,
Where the dim cathedral shadow lowers ;
Not alone where the line they trace
Points to the “consecrated place ;”
Not alone where the churchman kneels,
Nor where the solemn organ peals,
Nor where the anthem’s echoes sound,—
There are other spots call’d—holy ground !

Where heroes fallen in battle sleep,
Where the sailor lies ‘neath the surging deep,

Where the emigrant, in the forest wild,
 Leaves the corse of his darling child.
 Far away on the sun-burnt sod,
 Where the exiled Christian kneels to God,
 Distant far from the city's sound ;
These spots are hallow'd, and—holy ground !

Not alone where the willow waves
 O'er sculptured urns and trophyed graves ;
 Not alone where the sunbeams smile
 Through the colour'd panes of the cloister'd aisle ;
 'Tis a sacred spot where, in solemn prayer,
 The mother kneels with her children fair,—
 A spot 'neath the humblest roof-tree found ;
 "There tread lightly," 'tis—holy ground.



Sleep.

MRS JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

I T visiteth the desolate,
 Who hath no friend beside,
 And bringeth peace to sadden'd souls
 Whose hope, deferr'd, had died :
 It layeth its caressing hand
 Upon the brow of care,
 And calleth to the faded lips
 The smile they used to wear.

And lovely is the angel light
 Of a little child's repose,
 The holiest and the sweetest rest
 Our human nature knows.

Such rest as cannot close the eyes,
Grown old with many tears,
That never soothes the pilgrim path
Of life's dejected years.

“ He giveth His belovèd sleep ! ”
And thanks for such a boon,
And thanks, too, for the deeper sleep,
That will be with us soon—
From which our long o'erladen hearts
Shall wake to pain no more,
But find fulfill'd the fairest thoughts
They only dream'd before.

Fallen is thy Throne.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Martini.*

FALLEN is thy throne, O Israel !
Silence is o'er thy plains ;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore ?
That fire from heaven which led thee,
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord ! Thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all Thine own ;
Her love Thy fairest heritage,*
Her power Thy glory's throne.†
Till evil came and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree,‡
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

* Jer. xii. 7.

† Jer. xiv. 21.

‡ Jer. xi. 16.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness *
 The wild winds whirl away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reign'd as God.

“ Go”—said the Lord—“ ye conquerors !”
 “ Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements, †
 For they are not the Lord's.
 Till Zion's mournful daughter ‡
 O'er kindred's bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead !”



Is there an Unbeliever ?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.—*Music by Bayly.*

IS there an unbeliever !
 One man who walks the earth,
 And madly doubts that Providence
 Watch'd o'er him at his birth ?
 He robs mankind for ever
 Of hope beyond the tomb ;
 What gives he as a recompense ?—
 The brute's unhallow'd doom.

* Jer. xvii. 6.

† Jer. v. 10.

‡ Jer. vii. 32.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
In health, in strength, and pride,
Oh ! lead his steps through alleys green,
Where rills 'mid cowslips glide ;
Climb nature's granite tower,
Where man hath rarely trod,
And will he then, in such a scene,
Deny there is a God ?

Yes,—the proud heart will ever
Prompt the false tongue's reply,—
An Omnipotent Providence
Still madly he 'll deny.
But see the unbeliever
Sinking in death's decay,
And hear the cry of penitence ;—
He never learnt to pray !

The Dumb Creation.

MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

DEAL kindly with those speechless ones
That throng our gladsome earth ;
Say not the bounteous gift of life
Alone is nothing worth.

What though with mournful memories
They sigh not for the past ?
What though their ever-joyous now
No future overcast ?

No aspirations fill their breast
With longings undefined ;
They live, they love, and they are blest,
For what they seek and find.

They see no mystery in the stars,
 No wonder in the plain,
And life's enigma wakes in them
 No questions dark and vain.

To them earth is a final home,
 A bright and blest abode ;
Their lives unconsciously flow on
 In harmony with God.

To this fair world our human hearts
 Their hopes and longings bring,
And o'er its beauty and its bloom
 Their own dark shadows fling.

Between the future and the past
 In wild unrest we stand,
And ever as our feet advance,
 Retreats the promised land.

But though Love, Fame, and Wealth, and Power,
 Bind in their gilded band,
We pine to grasp the unattain'd—
 The *something* still beyond.

And, beating on their prison bars,
 Our spirits ask more room,
And with unanswer'd questionings,
 They pierce beyond the tomb.

Then say thou not, oh ! doubtful heart !
 There is no life to come :
That in some tearless, cloudless land
 Thou shalt not find thy home !

Resignation.

E. YOUNG.

IS Resignation's lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Grief's most inglorious coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles,
Are radiant marks of man.

They cast a sudden glory round
The illumined human face ;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face.

Resign, and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On His Almighty hand ;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing, His command.

For joy what cause ? how every sense
Is courted from above !
The year around with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun.

From that, their final point of view,
 From that, their radiant goal,
 On travel infinite of thought
 Sets out the nobler soul—

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties
 And earth's involving gloom,
 To range at last its vast domain,
 And talk with worlds to come.

Who would not with a heart at ease,
 Bright eye, unclouded brow,
 Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
 The roughest ocean plough ?

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
 Its most tremendous form ;
 Roar waves ! rage winds ! I know that Thou
 Canst save me in a storm.

For what is Resignation ? 'tis
 Man's weakness understood ;
 And wisdom grasping with a hand
 Far stronger, every good.



Song of Praise.

Psalm cxiv. 10.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

COME, let's sing in tuneful numbers
 Songs of triumph, songs of praise ;
 All creation hymns His glory,
 Let us then our voices raise.

Every hill and vale rejoices,
 Every flower that decks the sward,
All that lives and moves around us,
 Sing the praises of the Lord.
 Hallelujah ! let us sing
 Praise unto our Heavenly King.

Heaven is now the earth arraying
 In its robe of summer sheen,
Flowers their brightness are displaying
 On its mantle rich and green ;
Up to heaven the lark ascending
 Sings his carols to the sky ;
Winds and waves, in music blending,—
 All His greatness glorify.
 Hallelujah ! let us sing
 Praise unto our Heavenly King.

"Soon—and for Ever!"

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, D.D.

SOON—and for ever !
 Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes
 And dust unto dust ;
Soon—and for ever
 Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
 Redeemer, in Thee.
When the sins and the sorrows
 Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs and its partings
 Remember'd no more ;

When life cannot fail
And when death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the dark clouds
Of sorrow away.
Soon—and for ever
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been.
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more
In the warfare of sin.
Where tears, and where fears,
And where death shall be—never,
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Soon—and for ever
The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won.
Soon—and for ever
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp,
And his cross for a crown.
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near ;

When—blessed reward
Of each faithful endeavour—
Christians with Christ shall be
Soon—and for ever.

Strong Faith and Perfect Love.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

WHY should we bring a broken heart
To offer at the throne
Of Him who holds our meanest part
As if it were His own ?
If 'tis but sorrow here below,
Does not hope point above ?
Then let us through life's journeying show
Strong faith and perfect love.

It is a grievous thing you say
To suffer and to bear ;
But did not One we all obey
More than His burthen share ?
For us He died, that we might know
Those boundless realms above ;
Then let us through life's journeyings show
Strong faith and perfect love.

The Spirit's Home.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by E. J. Loder.*

WHEN weeping o'er some sacred spot
That holds what once we call'd a friend,
How sadly mournful seems the lot
Of all things here so soon to end !

Gay youth, no less than tott'ring age,
 Together rest in Death's embrace:
 Go read the monumental page,
 And there this gloomy moral trace—
 The gay, the grave, youth, age, are found
 Alike beneath the *grassy mound*.

Beyond this dark and narrow sphere,
 So mark'd by Death, so touch'd by Time,
 Where joy ne'er melts in sorrow's tear;
 There surely is some happier clime!
 This thought should every grief assuage,
 From every heart its gloom efface:
 Go read the consecrated page,
 And there the fond assurance trace—
 Beyond the starry skies they roam,
 There lies the ransom'd spirit's home.

The Fashion of this World Passeth Away.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.—*Air, Bingly.*

THE fashion of this world passeth away,
 The things that are fairest are first to decay ;
 The bell of the lily, the leaf of the rose ;
 The moss on the bank where the violet grows ;
 All these are too sweet and too fragile to stay,
 For the fashion of this world passeth away.

But mourn not the doom of inanimate things ;
 See thy favourite bird, with its beautiful wings ;
 Thy dog, full of instinct that courts a caress,
 And scarcely wants language his words to express ;
 The steed thou art proud of—all—all must decay,
 For the fashion of this world passeth away.

And were we not born for a worthier end,
Than to love him, and lose him? Oh! what were
a friend!

The fond heart looks forth from its pilgrimage here
To a meeting more blest in a happier sphere.
For this we must watch, and for this we must pray,
Since the fashion of this world passeth away.

Prayer at Midnight.

A. DE VERE.

THE stars shine bright while earth is dark!
While all the woods are dumb,
How clear those far-off silver chimes
From tower and turret come.

Chilly but sweet, the midnight air:
And lo! with every sound,
Down from the ivy-leaf a drop
Falls glittering on the ground.

'Twas night when Christ was born on earth;
Night heard His first, faint cry;
While angels caroll'd round the star
Of the Epiphany.

Alas! and is our love too weak
To meet Him on His way?
To pray for nations in their sleep?
For Love then let us pray.

Pray for the millions slumbering now ;
 The sick who cannot sleep ;
 Oh, may those sweet sounds waft them thoughts
 As peaceful, and as deep.

Pray for the unholy, and the vain :
 Oh, may that pure-toned bell
 Disperse the demon powers of air,
 And evil dreams dispel !

And ever let us wing our prayer
 With praise : and ever say,
 Glory to God who makes the night
 Benignant as the day !

Affliction.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
 So little worth, doth hidden lie
 Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind ?
 Crush it, and thou perfume shall find
 Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind,

In this stone, so poor and bare
 Of shape and lustre, patient care
 Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands assay
 With file and flint to clear away
 The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf ! this stone ! it is thy heart :
It must be crush'd by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel neat,
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.



"Let not the Sun go Down on your Wrath."

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by F. R. Thomas.*

WHEN in thy bosom the wrath has been kindled,
Bear with thy wrong, not in anger defend ;
Turn not away from the crowd where you mingled,
Leaving a foe where you sought for a friend :
Speak not in anger, but rather in sorrow ;
Part, and though each take a different path,
Both may be wiser and better to-morrow ;
“ Let not the sun go down on your wrath.”

What though your prospects a moment seem blighted,
Trusting to others, by others betray'd,
There is not a wrong that can never be righted ;
Justice was never by quarrelling made.
Urge but the truth, and be guided by reason,
Leaving to others the opposite path,
So will you triumph—but all in good season ;—
“ Let not the sun go down on your wrath.”



Different Minds.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

SOME murmur, when the sky is clear
 And wholly bright to view,
 If one small speck of dark appear
 In their great heaven of blue :
 And some with thankful love are fill'd
 If but one streak of light,
 One ray of God's good mercy, gild
 The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
 In discontent and pride,
 Why life is such a dreary task
 And all good things denied :
 And hearts in poorest huts admire
 How Love has in their aid
 (Love that not ever seems to tire)
 Such rich provision made.

**Resignation.**H. W. LONGFELLOW.—*Music by Miss Lindsay.*

THERE is no flock, however watch'd and tended,
 But one dead lamb is there ;
 There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying
 And mournings for the dead ;
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
 Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air :
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For, when with raptures wild,
 In our embraces we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
 And anguish long suppress'd,
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
 We may not wholly stay ;
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
 The grief that must have way.



The Wilderness shall Blossom as the Rose.

DUET.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

THE wilderness shall be made glad
 And blossom like the rose ;
 The desert shall rejoice for them
 Who on His word repose ;
 They who have own'd the mighty power
 And excellence of Him,
 Before whose face the stars are pale,
 The sun itself is dim !

And they the beauty shall behold
 Of Lebanon restored,
And with loud joy and singing praise
 The glory of the Lord !

And the lame man shall leap as the hart,
 The eyes of the blind be made clear,
And the dumb in the song shall take part,
 The ears of the deaf made to hear ;
And o'er the parch'd and thirsty earth
 The living well shall pour,
And all things have a brighter birth
 Henceforth and evermore ;
And the ransom'd of the Lord
 He to Zion shall restore,
In joy to praise His holy word
 With gladness evermore !

The Marriage Portion.

Num. vi. 24-26.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by M. T. Paradis.*

LORD and Father of creation !
 From Thy heavenly throne above,
Make Thy face to shine upon them,
 Deign to bless their plighted love ;
Through the world to bless and keep them,
 Though the evil way be wide,
Give them strength as on they journey,
 With Thy light their footsteps guide.

To the bride, beyond her beauty,
 Give her still Thy grace to know ;
To the bridegroom, for her portion,
 On her heavenly gifts bestow.

So their bridal gifts shall never
 Fade, as earthly things decay,
 But the bride and bridegroom ever
 Walk together in Thy way.



Like Morning, when her Early Breeze.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Beethoven.*

L IKE morning, when her early breeze
 Breaks up the surface of the seas,
 That in those furrows, dark with night,
 Her hand may sow the seeds of light—

Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
 The spirit, dark and lost before,
 And freshening all its depths, prepare
 For Truth divine to enter there.

Till David touch'd his sacred lyre,
 In silence lay the unbreathing wire ;
 But when he swept its chords along,
 Even angels stoop'd to hear that song.

So sleeps the soul, till Thou, O Lord,
 Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord—
 Till, waked by Thee, its breath shall rise
 In music worthy of the skies !



The Dying Christian.

Phil. i. 23.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Air, German.*

I HAVE a desire to depart, obeying
The heavenly call that bids me fly to rest ;
Tired and weary, through the darkness straying,
Fain would I be with angels ever bless'd ;
Worn is my pilgrim's staff,—my days expended ;
The home I lived for distant cannot be ;
Why should I cling to earth ? its ties are ended ;
It is the grave that sets the Christian free.

What is the earth to me, with all its errors ?
Long have I struggled with its empty show ;
But to the sinful heart the grave has terrors,
Not to the righteous ones, prepared to go ;
Farewell, ye friends whose tears so fast are falling,
Weep not that I so soon must take my flight ;
Oh, may ye hear, like me, the angels calling,
And long to join them in the realms of light.

Magdalen's Hymn during the Plague.

JOHN WILSON.

THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, “ Prepare to die.”

The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave
 With thin locks silvery-gray ;
 I see the child's bright tresses wave
 In the cold breath of day.

The loving ones we loved the best,
 Like music, all are gone !
 And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
 Their monumental stone.

But not when the death prayer is said
 The life of life departs ;
 The body in the grave is laid,
 Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight, voices sweet
 Like fragrance fill the room,
 And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
 Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
 From whose dear side they came !—
 We veil our eyes before the light,
 We bless our Saviour's name.

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
 The plague may soon destroy ;
 We think on Thee, and feel in death
 A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
 In the glory yet to come ;
 Oh, idle grief ! oh, foolish tears !
 When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest,
We part with life—awake ! and there
The jewel in our breast.

—————♦—————

Blessed are the Dead.

Rev. xiv. 13.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Türk.*

S TREW his early grave with flowers,
They the fragile emblems are ;
He has gain'd those blissful bowers
In the cloudless realms afar ;
There the blooms that never wither
Shall their incense round him shed,
Grieve not—Heaven has called him thither ;
Weep not—Blessed are the dead !

Father—think he is but sleeping,
Though 'tis darkness there to thee ;
Mother—stand not idly weeping,
He 'll his Heavenly Father see ;
Though your hearts with grief are breaking,
Joys celestial round him spread,
Death is but to Life awaking :—
Weep not—Blessed are the dead.

—————♦—————

The Bird Let Loose.T. MOORE.—*Air, Beethoven.*

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,*
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay,
 When nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee !
 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings !

**Sabbath Morn.**

Psalm v. 3.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by F. Wallerstien.*

SILENCE without, and calm within the dwelling,
 The lazy flowrets slumber in the sun ;
 The half-mown hay stands in the meadow, telling
 The busy labour of the week is done.

* The carrier pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

Faintly, yet clear, the village bells are ringing,
From distant cots the peasant band to warn ;
Their anthems in the grove the birds are singing ;
And all proclaims it is the Sabbath morn.

Through the green lanes the village groups are bending ;
By primrose banks the children take their way,
Where the tall spire, above the trees ascending,
Proclaims to all it is the hallow'd day.
Sweet to the senses breathe the leaves and flowers,
The heart leaps up to see the growing corn ;
We thank thee, Father, for these peaceful hours
Of prayer and rest—Thy holy Sabbath morn.

Sabbath Eve.

Psalm xxxiv. 7.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by F. Wallerstien.*

I WANDER'D forth one Sabbath eve,
When twilight shrouded hill and stream,
And holy angels seem'd to weave
For weary hearts some blissful dream.
The sun had set behind the hill,
No sound disturb'd the tranquil air ;
The voice of bee and bird was still,
The very flowers seem'd bow'd in prayer.
Sweet Sabbath eve !

It may be that I slept a while,
For when again I mark'd the skies,
The moon beam'd with a placid smile,
The stars had oped their golden eyes.

And when, once more, I turn'd to roam,
 My weary heart again grew light ;
 With chasteñ'd soul I sought my home,
 And bless'd my God that gave the night.
 Sweet Sabbath eve !

The Pilot.

W. E. STAITE.—*Music by E. J. Loder.*

WHEN murky clouds obscure the sky,
 When billows roll and winds are high,
 And not one star of beauty's night
 Sheds o'er my way its cheering light,
 Dash'd on the wild tempestuous tide,
 My shatter'd bark shall safely ride,
 If *Thou* the Pilot's part perform,
 To guide and guard me through the storm.

'Tis thou, O Lord, canst whisper peace,
 And bid the storms of trouble cease ;
 Though half a wreck my barque I view,
 Thine arm can steer me safely through.
 Thy love shall bid my fears depart,
 Thy voice shall cheer my trembling heart,
 If *Thou* the Pilot's part perform,
 To guide and guard me through the storm.

The Child's Grave.

MRS JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

IT is a place where tender thought
 Its voiceless vigil keepeth ;
 It is a place where kneeling love,
 'Mid all its hope, still weepeth :

The vanish'd light of all a life
That tiny spot encloseth,
Where, follow'd by a thousand dreams,
The little one reposeth.

It is a place where thankfulness
A tearful tribute giveth:
That one so pure hath left a world
Where so much sorrow liveth—
Where trial, to the heavy heart,
Its constant cross presenteth,
And every hour some trace retains,
For which the soul repenteth.

It is a place for hope to rise,
While other brightness waneth,
And from the darkness of the grave
To learn what gift it gaineth—
From Him who wept, as on the earth
Undying love still weepeth—
From Him who spake the blessed words,—
“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

He changes not.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by F. W. Cherry.*

HE changes not, but is the same for ever;
Behold His works, how uniform and grand:
The mighty ocean still flows on, and never
Fails the ripe harvest in the cultured land;
The seed time and the harvest are unchanging;
Year after year the bright flowers come and go;
'Tis we alone whose minds are ever ranging,
Yearning for something that we ne'er may know.

He changes not—His goodness is unfailing;
 Why should we spurn the paths our fathers trod?
 Their simple forms, their holy shrines assailing?
 Do we not worship still the same wise God?
 God of our fathers! at Thy altars bending,
 Guide us, weak pilgrims, with Thy helping hand;
 So that our prayers, heavenward ascending,
 May reach Thy mansions in the promised land.

Weep, Children of Israel.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Stevenson.*

WEEP, weep for him, the man of God—*
 In yonder vale he sunk to rest;
 But none of earth can point the sod †
 That flowers above his sacred breast.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep.

His doctrine fell like heaven's rain,
 His words refresh'd like heaven's dew:
 Oh, ne'er shall Israel see again
 A chief to God and her so true.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep.

Remember ye his parting gaze,
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide,
 When, full of glory and of days,
 He saw the Promised Land—and died. ‡
 Weep, children of Israel, weep.

Yet died he not as men who sink,
 Before our eyes, to soulless clay;
 But changed to spirit, like a wink
 Of summer lightning, pass'd away.
 Weep, children of Israel, weep.

* Deut. xxxiv. 8.

† Deut. xxxiv. 6.

‡ Deut. xxxiv. 4.

The Reading Girl.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by W. Vincent Wallace.*

IN the sunshine, in the daytime,
Sat a girl beneath the tree,
In the younger children's playtime,
With a book upon her knee ;
On her brow no shade of sadness
As she bent before the page ;
In her eye but light and gladness,
Flush of youth, with calm of age.
Whence that pure and holy feeling,
Freed from all of earthly strife,
O'er her spirit sweetly stealing ?
There she read the Book of Life.

Then a Temple seem'd the wild wood,
And I could not choose but deem
That sweet form of perfect childhood
Was an angel's in a dream :
For I felt a presence near me ;
In my soul arose this prayer :—
“ Heavenly Father, deign to hear me,
Make me like ‘the reader’ there ;
Give me grace but to inherit
Thoughts devoid of worldly strife,
Pure of heart, and meek in spirit,
Thus to read the Book of Life.”

Music.

MRS FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THE Father spake ! In grand reverberations
Through space roll'd on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low majestic modulations
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake—a dream, that had been lying
Hush'd from eternity in silence there,
Heard the pure melody and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air.

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking,
Till, bathed in beauty, it became a world !
Led by His voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furled.

Nor yet has ceased that sound—His love revealing,
Though, in response, a universe rolls by !
Throughout eternity, its echo pealing—
World after world awakes in glad reply !

And wheresoever, in His rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll !



The Child and the Dew-Drops.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by J. L. Hopkins.*

“O FATHER, dear father, why pass they away,
The dew-drops that sparkled at dawning of day—
That glitter’d like stars by the light of the moon,
Oh, why are those dew-drops dissolving so soon ?
Does the sun, in his wrath, chase their brightness away,
As though nothing that’s lovely might live for a day ?
The moonlight has faded—the flowers still remain,
But the dew has dried out of their petals again.”

“ My child,” said the father, “ look up to the skies,
Behold yon bright rainbow—those beautiful dyes ;
There—there are the dew-drops in glory reset,
'Mid the jewels of heaven they are glittering yet.
Then are we not taught, by each beautiful ray,
To mourn not earth’s fair things though fleeting away ?
For though youth of its brightness and beauty be riven,
All that withers on earth blooms more brightly in heaven.”

Alas for the father !—how little knew he
The words he had spoken prophetic could be ;
That the beautiful child,—the bright star of his day,—
Was e'en then like the dew-drops—dissolving away.
Oh ! sad was the father, when lo, in the skies
The rainbow again spread its beauteous dyes ;
And then he remember'd the maxims he'd given,
And thought of his child and the dew-drops—in heaven.

Evening.

GEORGE WITHERS.

B EHOLD the sun, that seem'd but now
Enthronèd overhead,
Beginning to decline below
The globe whereon we tread.
And he whom yet we look upon
With comfort and delight
Will quite depart from hence anon
And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave ;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave :
Thus from us all our pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart,
And then the night of death draws nigh :
Thus will they all depart.

Lord ! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still Thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain !
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine.

The Lark.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

SOARING and singing, bird of the day,
What does thy full gush of melody say?
Is it a matin song singing of love,
Too pure to be heard save in regions above?
“Why do I carol my song to the skies?”
Thus to my fancy the song-bird replies:
“Does not the earth in tranquillity rest,—
Man on his pillow, the bird on his nest?

Should we not sing, then, at morning’s first rays,
A song of thanksgiving, a carol of praise?”

Singing and soaring, bird of the day,
Why from this green earth away and away?
Ever returning, thy song never done,
Pluming thy bright wings on high in the sun.
“Why do I soar?” So the spirit of love
Seems to reply from the regions above:
“Is there not One who is ever on high,
Watching below from His throne in the sky?

And thus to the skylark perchance it is given,
To call back thy thoughts from the earth unto heaven!”



Behold the Sun.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Lord Mornington.*

BEHOLD the Sun, how bright
From yonder east He springs,
As if the soul of life and light
Were breathings from His wings!

So bright the gospel broke
 Upon the souls of men ;
 So fresh the dreaming world awoke
 In Truth's full radiance then.

Before yon Sun arose
 Stars cluster'd through the sky ;
 But oh, how dim, how pale were those
 To His one burning eye !

So Truth lent many a ray
 To bless the Pagan's night ;
 But, Lord, how weak, how cold were they
 To Thy one glorious light !



The Sabbath of the Year.

MISS CAROLINE MAY.

IT is the sabbath of the year ;
 And if ye'll walk abroad,
 A holy sermon ye shall hear,
 Full worthy of record.
 Autumn the preacher is ; and look—
 As other preachers do,
 He takes his text from the one Great Book,
 A text both sad and true.

With a deep, earnest voice he saith—
 A voice of gentle grief,
 Fitting the minister of Death—
 “ Ye all fade as a leaf ;
 And your iniquities, like the wind,
 Have taken you away ;
 Ye fading flatterers, weak and blind,
 Repent, return, and pray.”

And then the wind ariseth slow,
 And giveth out a psalm ;
And the organ pipes begin to blow
 Within the forest calm.
Then all the trees lift up their hands,
 And raise their voices higher,
And sing the notes of spirit bands
 In full and glorious choir.

Yes, 'tis the Sabbath of the year !
 And it doth surely seem,
(But words of reverence and fear
 Should speak of such a theme,)
That corn is garner'd for the bread,
 And berries for the wine,
And a sacramental feast is spread,
 Like the Christian's pardon sign.

And the year, with signs of penitence,
 The holy feast bends o'er ;
For she must die, and go out hence—
 Die, and be seen no more.
Then are the choir and organ still,
 The psalm melts in the air ;
The wind bows down beside the hill,
 And all are hush'd in prayer.

Then comes the sunset in the west,
 Like a patriarch of old,
Or like a saint who hath won his rest,
 His robes, and his crown of gold ;
And forth his arms he stretcheth wide,
 And with solemn tone and clear
He blesseth, in the eventide,
 The Sabbath of the year.

Burial Anthem.

DEAN H. H. MILMAN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load ;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode ;
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail ;
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“Earth to earth,” and “dust to dust,”
The solemn Priest hath said ;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :

But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find ;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Thanks for a Summer's Day.

A. HUME.—*Sixteenth Century.*

THE time so tranquil is, and dear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
The air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stir.

The ample heaven of fabric sure,
In clearness doth surpass
The crystal and the silver, pure
As clearest polish'd glass.

Bedeckèd is the sapphire arch
With streaks of scarlet hue ;
And preciously from end to end
Damaskèd white and blue.

Calm is the deep and purple sea,
Yea, smoother than the sand;
The waves, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

The ships becalm'd upon the seas,
Hang up their sails to dry;
The herds, beneath their leafy trees,
Amidst the flowers they lie.

The little busy humming bees,
That never think to drone,
On flowers and flourishes of trees
Collect their liquor brown.

The dove with whistling wings so blue,
The winds can fast collect,
Her purple pens turn many a hue
Against the sun direct.

Great is the calm, for everywhere
The wind is setting down,
The smoke goes upright in the air,
From every tower and town.

What pleasure then to walk and see,
Along a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The bells and circles on the waves,
From leaping of the trout,
The salmon from their holes and caves
Come gliding in and out.

Oh, sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to pray, and sing,
With trumpet and with shawm.

All labourers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
“Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Who sent this summer’s day.”

Come not, O Lord.

T. MOORE.—*Air, Haydn.*

COME not, O Lord, in the dread robe of splendour,
Thou wor’st on the Mount, in the day of Thine ire ;
Come, veil’d in those shadows, deep, awful, but tender,
Which mercy flings over Thy features of fire !

Lord, Thou rememb’rest the night when Thy nation *
Stood fronting her foe by the red rolling stream ;
O’er Egypt Thy pillar shed dark desolation,
While Israel bask’d all the night in its beam.

So when the dread clouds of anger unfold Thee,
From us, in Thy mercy, the dark side remove ;
While shrouded in terrors the guilty behold Thee,
Oh, turn upon us the mild light of Thy love !

The Hope beyond the Grave.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

THERE’S a hope—’tis not for splendour,
For splendour cannot give,
With all that it can render,
The hope for which we live ;

* Exodus xiv. 20.

Worth all the fame we sigh for,
 All the laurels of the brave,
 Is that which we should die for,
The hope beyond the grave!

There's a hope, though few have sought it,
 In this world of thorns and flowers,
 Though a blessed Saviour bought it
 With His own dear life for ours ;
 'Tis the hope of bliss undying,
 That, for us, He died to crave,
 Oh ! may ours, when life is flying,
 Be *the hope beyond the grave!*

Mariner's Hymn.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner !
 Christian, Heaven speed thee !
 Let loose the rudder bands !
 Good angels lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come :
 Steer thy course steadily !
 Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather bow,
 Breakers are round thee !
 Let fall the plumbinet now,
 Shallows may ground thee !
 Reef in the foresail there !
 Hold the helm fast !
 So—let the vessel wear !
 There—sweep the blast.

What of the night, watchman ?
What of the night ?
“ Cloudy—all quiet—
 No land yet—all’s right.”
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
 Danger may be
At an hour when all seems
 Securest to thee.

How—gains the leak so fast ?
 Clear out the hold,
Hoist up thy merchandise—
 Heave out the gold !
There—let the ingots go !
 Now the ship rights ;
Hurrah ! the harbour’s near,—
 Lo, the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer—
 Straight for the high land ;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam,
Christian ! cast anchor now :
 Heaven is thy home !

Hope in Sorrow.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

E YES that have spent their weeping,
 That have lost the power of tears ;
Hearts that are coldly keeping
 The memories of years ;

Sleep ! sleep, and through your slumbers
 The watchers, tried and calm,
 Shall breathe, in angel-numbers,
 A sweet and solemn psalm.

Shall say, “ No cloud can gather
 Around His children’s path,
 But He, th’ all-loving Father,
 His part in their sadness hath.

Not for His own good pleasure
 Would He have given them life,
 Unless joy’s coming measure
 Outweigh’d all present strife.

“ Who gently bears his sorrow,
 And lives it bravely down,
 Shall win a fairer morrow,
 And wear the starry crown.”



The Child and the Stars.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by James Perring.*

“ **T**HHEY tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
 That sparkles at night is a star,
 But *why* do they dwell in those regions so high,
 And shed their cold lustre so far ?
 I *know* that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
 That it gives to the flow’rets their birth,
 But *what* are the stars ? do they nothing but fling
 Their cold rays of light upon earth ?”

“ My child, it is said that yon stars in the sky
Are worlds that are fashion’d like this,
Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die,
Assemble together in bliss ;
And the ray that they shed o’er the earth is the light
Of His glory whose throne is above,
That tells us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great is His goodness and love.”

“ Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
Why still are your cheeks pale with care ?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear mother, I know, must be there.”
“ Thou chidest me well,” said the father, with pain,
“ Thy wisdom is greater by far ;
We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain,
While we gaze on each beautiful star.”

The Use of the Flowers.

MRS MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade this earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough,—enough
For every want of ours,—
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow

The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 The herb that keepeth life in man
 Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashion'd with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night ;
 Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passeth by ?

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore had they birth ?—
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth ;
 To whisper hope—to comfort man
 Whene'er his faith is dim ;
 For whoso careth for the flowers
 Will care much more for him !



The Dial of Flowers.

MRS HEMANS.

T'WAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
 As they floated in light away,
 By the opening and the folding flowers
 That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 And its graceful cup and bell,
 In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
 Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told —
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd thus,—even thus,—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth ?

Oh ! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.



The Law of Love.

2 Kings iv. 1-6.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

POURE forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou failest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
 Though flowing broad and free,
 Till then, and nourish'd from on high,
 It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for thee
 Will soon be parch'd and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
 That good thing from above ;
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have--
 Such is the law of love.



Brightest and Best.

BISHOP REGINAID HEBER.—*Music by S. Glover.*

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!



Lazarus.

A. TENNYSON.

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

Where wert thou, brother, those four days?
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
 The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
 He told it not ; or something seal'd
 The lips of that Evangelist.

The Spring-tide Hour.

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, D.D.

THE spring-tide hour
 Brings leaf and flower,
 With songs of life and love ;
 And many a lay
 Wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.
 Bird, flower, and tree
 Seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring ;
 But this poor heart
 Bears not its part,
 In it there is no spring.

Dews fall apace,
 The dews of grace,
 Upon this soul of sin,
 And love Divine
 Delights to shine
 Upon the waste within :
 Yet, year by year,
 Fruits, flowers appear,
 And birds their praises sing ;
 But this poor heart
 Bears not its part,
 Its winter has no spring.

Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow ;
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow !
And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord ! make this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring !



Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.—*Music by Miss M. Lindsay.*

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The blood-red banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious isle.

“Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the Sabbath of our vale,

When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

“Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it !—till our homes are free !
Guard it !—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

“Take thy banner ! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquish'd warrior bow,
Spare him !—By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him !—he our love hath shared !
Spare him !—as thou wouldest be spared !

“Take thy banner !—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee.”

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !



The Destruction of the Assyrians.

LORD BYRON.—*Music by F. Nathan; also by S. Glover.*

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleeper wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Sire of the Universe.

MRS MARIA BROOKS.

SIRE of the universe !—and me—
 Dost Thou reject my midnight prayer ?
 Dost Thou withhold me even from Thee,
 Thus writhing, struggling 'gainst despair ?
 Thou know'st the source of feeling's gush,
 Thou know'st the end for which it flows :
 Then, if Thou bidd'st the tempest rush,
 Ah, heed the fragile bark it throws !

Fain would my heaving heart be still,
 But pain and tumult mock at rest ;
 Fain would I meekly meet Thy will,
 And kiss the barb that tears my breast.
 Weak I am form'd, I can no more,—
 Weary I strive, but find not aid ;
 Prone on Thy threshold I deplore,
 But, oh, Thy succour is delay'd !

The burning, beauteous orb of day,
 Amid its circling host upborne,
 Smiles as life quickens in its ray :
 What would it were Thy hand withdrawn ?
 Scorch, devastate the teeming whole,
 Now glowing with its warmth divine !
 Spirit, whose powers of peace control
 Great Nature's heart, oh, pity mine !



Unrest.

MRS EMMA C. EMBURY.

H EART, weary heart ! what means thy wild unrest ?
Hast thou not tasted of earth's every pleasure ?
With all that mortals seek thy lot is blest ;
Yet dost thou ever chant in mournful measure—
“Something beyond !”

Heart, weary heart ! canst thou not find repose
In the sweet calm of friendship's pure devotion ?
Amid the peace which sympathy bestows,
Still dost thou murmur, with repress'd emotion,—
“Something beyond !”

Heart, weary heart ! too idly hast thou pour'd
Thy music and thy perfume on the blast !
Now, beggar'd in affection's treasured hoard,
Thy cry is still—thy saddest and thy last—
“Something beyond !”

Heart, weary heart ! oh, cease thy wild unrest !
Earth cannot satisfy thy bitter yearning,—
Then onward, upward speed thy lonely guest,
And hope to find, where Heaven's pure stars are burning,
“Something beyond !”

The Moon upon the Spire.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

T HE full-orb'd moon has reach'd no higher
Than yon old church's mossy spire,
And seems, as gliding up the air,
She saw the fane ; and, pausing there,

Would worship, in the tranquil night,
 The Prince of Peace—the Source of Light,—
 Where man for God prepared the place,
 And God to man unveils His face.

Her tribute all around is seen ;
 She bends, and worships like a queen !
 Her robe of light and beaming crown
 In silence she is casting down ;
 And, as a creature of the earth,
 She feels her lowliness of birth—
 Her weakness and inconstancy
 Before unchanging purity.

Pale traveller, on thy lonely way
 'Tis well thy homage thus to pay ;
 To reverence that ancient pile,
 And spread thy silver o'er the aisle
 Which many a pious foot has trod
 That now is dust beneath the sod ;
 Where many a sacred tear was wept
 From eyes that long in death have slept !

The temple's builders—where are they ?
 The worshippers ? all pass'd away,
 Who came the first, to offer there
 The song of praise, the heart of prayer !
 Man's generation passes soon ;
 It wanes and changes like the moon.
 He raises up the lowering wall,
 But, ere it crumbles, he must fall !

And does he sink to rise no more ?
 Has he no part to triumph o'er

The pallid king? no spark to save
From darkness, ashes, and the grave?
Thou, holy place, the answer, wrought
In thy firm structure, bars the thought!
The Spirit that establish'd thee
Nor death nor darkness e'er shall see!

The Christian's Progress.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

THROUGH sorrow's path, and danger's road,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

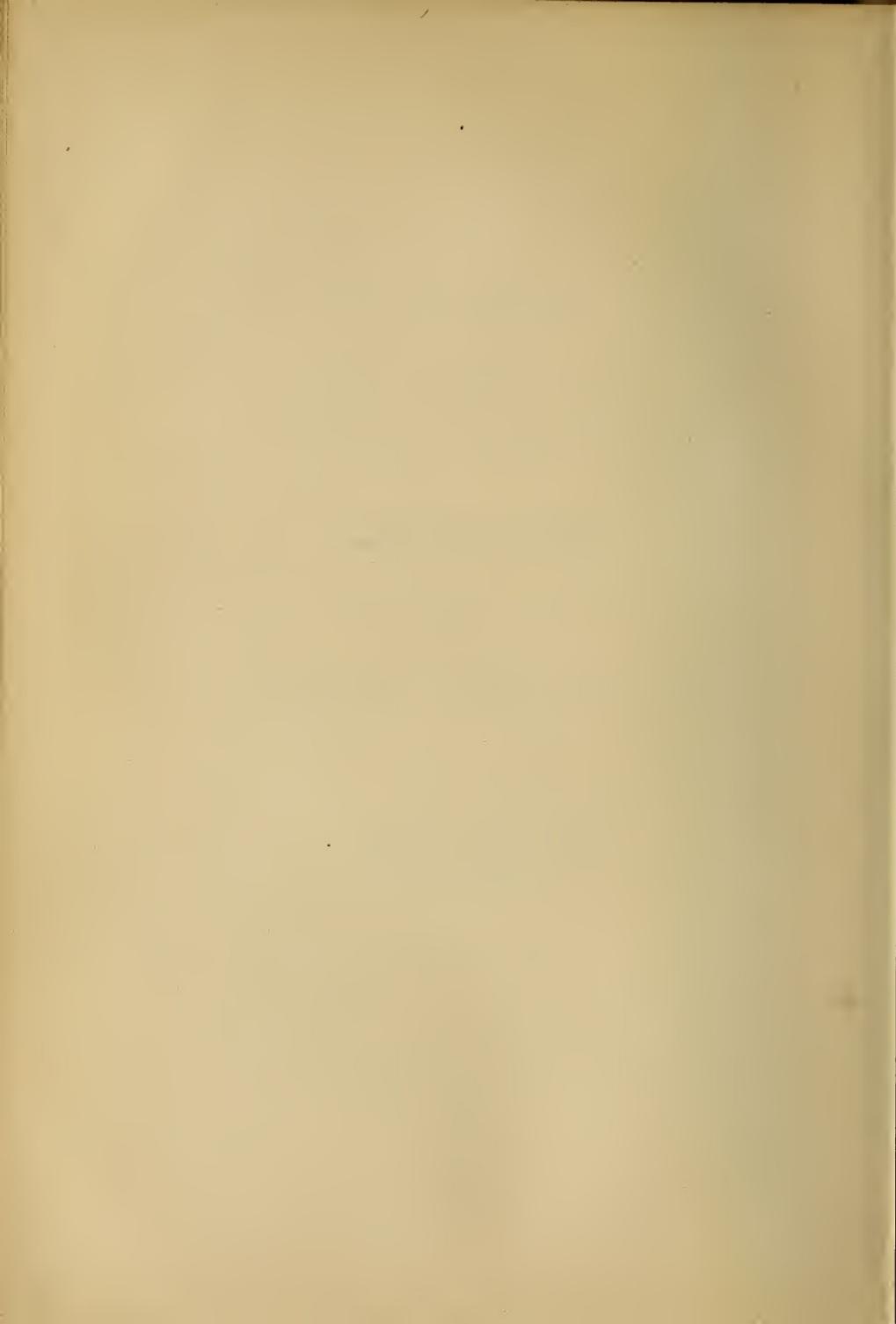
These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

There love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.



Part Second.

DEVOTIONAL SONGS.



DEVOTIONAL SONGS.

The Creator.

Psalm xix.

JOSEPH ADDISON.—*Air, Pleyel.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine—
 “The hand that made us is divine !”



The All-Seeing.

HON. AND REV. BAPTIST WROTHESLEY NOEL.

THREE'S not a bird, with lonely nest
 In pathless wood or mountain crest,
 Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
 O God ! in Thy paternal care !

There's not a being now accurst,
 Who did not taste Thy goodness first ;
 And every joy the wicked see
 Received its origin from Thee.

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
 Holds Thee within its solitude ;
 And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
 Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
 No less than in the still retreat,
 Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
 With all a parent's tenderness !

And every moment still doth bring
 Thy blessings on its loaded wing ;
 Widely they spread through earth and sky,
 And last to all eternity !

Through all creation let Thy Name
Be echo'd with a glad acclaim !
That let the grateful churches sing ;
With that let heaven for ever ring ;

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace !

Te Deum Laudamus.

THOMAS COTTERILL.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise Thy Name with one accord ;
Thy Saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all Angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both Cherubin and Seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

The Apostles join the glorious throng ;
The Prophets swell the immortal song ;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

Thee, holy, holy, holy King !
Thee, the Lord God of hosts, they sing :
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

Toil and Rest.

JOHN CHANDLER.

THOU, great Creator, art possest,
And Thou alone, of endless rest;
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again
With ceaseless woe and endless pain;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here?

O Thou, who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee,
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe—Thy broken laws!

Then to such salutary grief
Let Faith and Hope bring due relief;
And we, too, soon shall be possest
Of ceaseless songs and endless rest.

**Praise, oh, Praise our God and King!**

REV. SIR HENRY BAKER.

PRAISE, oh, praise our God and King!
Hymns of adoration sing;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the Sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :

And the silver Moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him for our Harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the Garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure :

And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our bounteous King !
Glory let Creation sing !
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One !

The Beginning and the End.

JOHN HUNT.

LET all the world rejoice,
The great Jehovah reigns ;
The thunders are His awful voice ;
Our life His will ordains ;
The glories of His Name
The lightnings, floods, and hail proclaim.

He rules by sea and land,
O'er boundless realms He sways ;
He holds the oceans in His hand,
And mighty mountains weighs :
Unequall'd and alone,
In majesty He fills His throne.

The universe He made
By His prevailing might ;
The earth's foundations He hath laid,
And scatter'd ancient night ;
When heaven, and earth, and sea,
Proclaim'd His awful majesty.

When the bright orb of day
First gleam'd with ruddy light,
And yonder moon, with silver ray,
March'd up the vault of night ;
And stars bedeck'd the skies,
That seem'd creation's thousand eyes ;

And earth's fair form was seen,
With flowers and blossoms drest ;
And trees, and fields, and meadows green,
Adorn'd her youthful breast,

Hung out in boundless space,
Amid the ocean's cool embrace ;

Glad was the angel throng
To see His might prevail ;
And loud they sung a joyful song,
This universal hail ;
While yet in youth it stood,
The Maker, too, pronounced it good.

But this fair world shall die,
The creature of a day,
In ashes and in ruins lie,
Its glory pass'd away ;
As when before her birth,
Again shall be this mighty earth.

Soon shall the day be o'er
Of yonder brilliant sun ;
And he shall set to rise no more,
His race of glory run ;
And soon, alas ! all soon
Shall fade the stars and yon pale moon.

But ever fix'd, the throne
Of the Eternal One
Shall stand, when all creation's gone,
Unequall'd and alone ;
New worlds to make at will,
And His own wise designs fulfil.

The Spring of Life.

SIMON BROWNE.

ETERNAL God, of beings first,
 Of all created good the Spring,
 For Thee I long, for Thee I thirst,
 My Love, my Saviour, and my King !
 Thine is a never failing store ;
 If God be mine, I ask no more.

The fairest world of light on high
 Reflection makes but faint of Thine ;
 The glorious servants of the sky
 In God's own beams transported shine !
 But, shouldst Thou wrap Thy face in shade,
 Soon all their life and lustre fade.

Thy Presence makes celestial day,
 And fills each raptured soul with bliss ;
 Night would prevail, were God away,
 And spirits pine in Paradise !
 In vain would all the angels try
 To fill Thy room, Thy lack supply.

And, sure, from heaven we turn our eyes
 In vain, to seek for bliss below ;
 The tree of life can't root nor rise,
 Nor in this blasted region grow :
 The wealth of this poor barren clod
 Can ne'er make up the want of God.

But, Lord ! in Thee the thirsty soul
 Will meet with full, with rich supplies !
 Thy smiles will all her fears control,
 Thy beauties feast her ravish'd eyes :
 To failing flesh and fainting hearts
 Thy favour life and strength imparts !

Praise the Lord of Heaven.

T. B. BROWNE.

RAISE the Lord of heaven,
Praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye angels,
Praise Him, stars and light !
Praise Him, skies and waters,
Which above the skies,
When His word commanded,
Did, established, rise !

Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains,
Cedars and all trees !
Praise Him, clouds and vapours,
Snow, and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling
Only His desire !

Praise Him, fowls and cattle,
Princes and all kings !
Praise Him, men and maidens,
All created things ;
For the name of God
Is excellent alone ;
Over earth His footstool,
Over heaven His throne !

My God and King.

GEORGE HERBERT.

LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

**B**efore Jehovah's Awful Throne.DR WATTS.—*Air, Madan.*

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love!
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Sovereign Ruler.

JOHN RYLAND.

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my first and second birth;
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by His wise decree;

Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief ;

Times the Tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
Till He bids, I cannot die :
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.

O Thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !
In Thy hands my life I trust :
Have I something dearer still ?
I resign it to Thy will.

May I always own Thy hand ;
Still to the surrender stand ;
Know, that Thou art God alone ;
I and mine are all Thy own.

Thee at all times will I bless ;
Having Thee, I all possess ;
How can I bereavèd be,
Since I cannot part with Thee ?



Psalm cxlviii.

GEORGE WITHER.

COME, oh come, with sacred lays !
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise ;
Hither, bring in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet
With the harp and viol meet :
To your voices tune the lute :
Let not tongue nor string be mute :
Nor a creature dumb be found,
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give ;
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep
On the earth, or in the deep ;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main ;
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;
Sun and moon exalted higher,
And you stars augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng,
Be ye masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He.

From the earth's vast hollow womb
 Music's deepest bass shall come,
 Sea and floods from shore to shore
 Shall the counter-tenor roar.
 To this concert, when we sing,
 Whistling winds, your descant bring:
 Which may bear the sound above
 Where the orb of fire doth move;
 And so climb from sphere to sphere,
 Till our song th' Almighty hear.

So shall He from heaven's high tower
 On the earth His blessing shower;
 All this huge wide orb we see
 Shall one choir, one temple be;
 There our voices we will rear
 Till we fill it everywhere:
 And enforce the fiends that dwell
 In the air, to sink to hell.
 Then, oh come, with sacred lays!
 Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.



Advent Hymn.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long:
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
 In Satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
 The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
 To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,
 Thine advent shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

Christmas Day.

SAMUEL RICHARDS.

THOUGH rude winds usher thee, sweet day,
 Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is swept away
 Before thy sleety storm ;
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn
 Shall check our jubilee ;
Bright is the day when Christ was born,
 No sun need shine but He :
Let roughest storms their coldest blow
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,
 Fancy is on the wing ;
 It seems as to mine ear it brought
 Those voices carolling,—
 Voices through heaven and earth that ran,
 Glory to God, goodwill to man !

I see the shepherds gazing wild
 At those fair sprites of light ;
 I see them bending o'er the child
 With that untold delight
 Which marks the face of those who view
 Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,
 Incarnate God they see ;
 He stoops to take, through spotless maid,
 Our frail humanity.
 Son of high God, creation's Heir
 He leaves His heaven to raise us there !

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,
 Thy children once again ;
 Oh, day by day our hearts renew,
 That Thine we may remain,
 And, angel-like, may all agree,
 One sweet and holy family.

Oft as this joyous morn doth come
 To speak our Saviour's love,
 Oh, may it bear our spirits home,
 Where He now reigns above ;
 That day which brought Him from the skies,
 And man restores to Paradise !

Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,
Let clouds thy face deform
Though nature's grace is swept away
Before thy sleety storm ;
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Christ the Lord is Born To-day.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

HARK ! how all the welkin rings
Glory to the King of kings !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature say,
Christ the Lord is born to-day !

Christ, by highest Heaven adored ;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here !

Hail ! the heavenly Prince of Peace !
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble home !
 Rise, the Woman's conquering Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's head !
 Now display Thy saving power,
 Ruin'd nature now restore,
 Now in mystic union join
 Thine to ours, and ours to Thine !

Adam's likeness, Lord, efface ;
 Stamp Thy image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in Thy love !
 Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
 Thee, the Life, the Heavenly Man :
 Oh, to all Thyself impart,
 Form'd in each believing heart !



The Prince of Peace.

JOHN MORRISON.

THE race that long in darkness pined
 Have seen a glorious Light ;
 The people dwell in Day, who dwelt
 In Death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, Thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know :
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And Peace abound below.



Hymn on the Nativity.

BEN JONSON.

I SING the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light ;
The angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd shepherds said
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take,
 The Word which heaven and earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no No,
 Both wills were in one stature :
 And as that wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made flesh indeed,
 And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
 Who made Himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of glory !
 To see this babe all innocence,
 A martyr born in our defence :
 Can man forget this story ?



Christmas Hymn.

NAHUM TATE.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he ; for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind ;
 “ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born of David’s line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapp’d in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appear’d a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address’d their joyful song :

“All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease !” Amen.

The Star of Bethlehem.

H. KIRKE WHITE.—*Music by T. Purday.*

WHEN, marshall’d on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner’s wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd,
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark :

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
 I 'll sing first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The star ! the star of Bethlehem !



Hail to the Lord's Anointed !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light ;
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill and valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing.
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows, ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end :
 The mountain dews shall nourish
 A seed, in weakness sown,
 Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
 And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever ;
 That Name to us is Love.



The New-Year.

DR COTTON.

L ORD of my life, inspire my song !
 To Thee my noblest powers belong ;
 Grant me Thy favourite seraph's flame,
 To sing the glories of Thy name.

My birth, my fortune, friends, and health,
 My knowledge too, superior wealth,
 Lord of my life ! to Thee I owe ;
 Teach me to practise what I know.

Ten thousand favours claim my song,
 And each demands an angel's tongue ;
 Mercy sits smiling on the wings
 Of every moment as it springs.

But, oh ! with infinite surprise,
I see returning years arise ;
When unimproved the former score,
Lord, wilt Thou trust me still with more !

Thousands this period hoped to see ;
Denied to thousands—granted me ;
Thousands that weep, and wish, and pray
For those rich hours I throw away.

The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor all I have to give ;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The bleeding traitor from my breast.



The Old and New Year.

ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL.

A NOTHER year hath fled ; renew,
Lord, with our days Thy love !
Our days are evil here and few ;
We look to live above :
We will not grieve, though day by day
We pass from earthly joys away ;
Our joy abides in Thee ;
Our joy abides in Thee !

Yet, when our sins we call to mind,
We cannot fail to grieve ;
But Thou art pitiful and kind,
And wilt our prayer receive :

O Jesu, evermore the same,
 Our hope we rest upon Thy Name ;
 Our hope abides in Thee ;
 Our hope abides in Thee !

For all the future, Lord, prepare
 Our souls with strength Divine ;
 Help us to cast on Thee our care,
 And on Thy servants shine :
 Life without Thee is dark and drear ;
 Death is not death if Thou art near ;
 Our life abides in Thee ;
 Our life abides in Thee !



New-Year's Day.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
 And make Thy glory known ;
 Now let us all Thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone !

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's Name ;
 For all that we can call our own
 Is vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free :
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love Thee more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room !

Epiphany Hymn.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

A S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold ;
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright ;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee !

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare ;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ ! to Thee our heavenly King

Holy Jesus, every day
 Keep us in the narrow way ;
 And when earthly things are past,
 Bring our ransom'd souls at last
 Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light ;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not down ;
 There for ever may we sing
 Alleluias to our King.



Lo ! He comes, with Clouds Descending.

JOHN CENNICK, C. WESLEY, AND M. MADAN.

LO ! He comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain :
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of His train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears, on earth to reign !

Every eye shall now behold Him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,
 Pierced, and nail'd Him to the Tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment, come away !

Now Redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
All His saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet Him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

Answer Thine own Bride and Spirit ;
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom ;
The new Heaven and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home ;
 All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come !

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on Thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory ;
 Claim the kingdom for Thine own :
 Oh, come quickly,
Everlasting God, come down !



Prayer is the Soul's Desire.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

P RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try ;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry—Behold, he prays !

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watch-word at the gates of death ;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
 In word, in deed, in mind,
 While with the Father and the Son
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads ;
 And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way !
 The path of prayer thyself hath trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray !



The Voice of Praise.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

UP to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will He turn His ear aside
From holy offerings at noon tide :
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night ;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestow'd
Upon the service of our God.

Each field is then a hallow'd spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt nor go astray ;
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord ! since his rising in the east,
If we have falter'd or transgress'd,

Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest !



Lord ! unto Thee we Cry.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by N. J. Sporle.*

LORD ! unto Thee we cry,
When trouble o'er us steals,
Our refuge is on high,
Our trust Thy love reveals ;
To Thee alone we bend,—
For Thine alone the power,—
Our Father and our Friend,
In sorrow's darkest hour !

Lord ! unto Thee we cry,
For whither should we go ?
The fount is never dry
From whence Thy mercies flow !
Grant that those sacred streams
Of Thine eternal love
May waft us from our dreams
To sunnier shores above !



Hear Me, O God!

BEN JONSON.

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill-bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.



"Thy Will be Done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,—
“Thy will be done!”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not;
And breathe the prayer divinely taught,—
“Thy will be done!”

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,—
“Thy will be done!”

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was Thine,—
“Thy will be done!”

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I'll strive to say,—
“Thy will be done!”

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—
“Thy will be done!”

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,—
“Thy will be done!”

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
“Thy will be done!”

Praying Together.

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds ;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

To each the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !

Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face ;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,—
A heaven of joy, because of love.

Submission.

WILLIAM COWPER.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth !

But, ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to Thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.



We Look to Thee.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST.

FULL of weakness and of sin,
We look to Thee for life ;
Lord, Thy gracious work begin,
And calm the inward strife !

Though our hearts are prone to stray,
Be Thou a constant Friend;
Though we know not how to pray,
Thy saving mercy send !

Let Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
Our souls with love inspire,
Strength and confidence afford,
And breathe celestial fire !

Teach us first to feel our need,
Then all that need supply;
When we hunger, deign to feed,
And hear us when we cry !

When we cleave to earthly things,
Send Thy reviving grace;
Raise our souls, and give them wings
To reach Thy holy place !



Thy Mercies are Great.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by N. J. Sporle.*

THY mercies are great,
For Thy love is unbounded,
The rich at Thy gate
Stand abash'd and confounded;
The poor and the meek,
In Thy goodness excelling,
Thy throne they may seek,
And may enter Thy dwelling !

Thy mercies are great,
 They are never denied us ;
 Our footsteps await ;
 To Thy wisdom confide us ;
 Our hope and our trust
 In Thy goodness we centre,
 That, arisen from dust,
 We Thy kingdom may enter.

Jesus ! Hear and Save !

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

LORD of mercy and of might !
 Of mankind the Life and Light !
 Maker, Teacher Infinite !
 Jesus ! hear and save !

Who, when sin's tremendous doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
 Jesus ! hear and save !

Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
 Jesus ! hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings,
 Jesus ! hear and save !

Who shall yet return from high,
 Robed in might and majesty,
 Hear us ! help us when we cry !
 Jesus ! hear and save !

Pleading for Pardon.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
And plead with Thee for mercy there,
Think of the sinner's dying friend,
And for His sake receive my prayer.

Oh, think not of my shame and guilt,
My thousand stains of deepest dye ;
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thy own,
The trembling creature of Thy hand ;
Think how my heart to sin is prone,
And what temptations round me stand.

Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,
And every plighted promise there ;
How prayer should evermore be heard,
And how Thy glory is to spare.

Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
My strivings with Thy grace Divine :
Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
And let His merits stand for mine.

Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ;
Thine arm can never shorten'd be ;
Behold me here ; my heart is full ;
Behold, and spare, and succour me !

“Hallowed be Thy Name!”

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by N. J. Sporle.*

“H ALLOW'D be Thy name!”
 Even while we sleep,
 In our dreams the same
 As when we wake to weep ;
 In the hour of joy,
 In the hour of shame,
 Lord ! our thoughts employ—
 “Hallow'd be Thy name !”

On the raging sea,
 In the desert lone,
 Lord ! we bend the knee,
 And bow before Thy throne ;
 Dread ruler of the flood,
 And of the raging flame,
 Omnipotent and good,
 “Hallow'd be Thy name !”



Oh, help us, Lord !

DEAN MILMAN.

O H, help us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give ;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore ;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more.

Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

If strangers to Thy fold we call,
Imploring at Thy feet,
The crumbs that from Thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of Mercy, all,
So Thou wilt grant but this :
The crumbs that from Thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Calm.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
Whilst these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fever'd brow !

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes ; keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet ;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain !

In Thee, O Lord, we put our Trust.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

IN Thee, O Lord, we put our trust,
Thy ways are for the good and just ;
We mark Thy presence in the breeze,
The leaf it severs from the trees,
The flower that blooms and then decays,
In *all* we mark Thy wondrous ways ;
Our faith and trust we place in Thee,
Dread Ruler of eternity !

In Thee, O Lord, we put our trust,
We, trembling children of the dust ;
For every thing that lives and moves
Thy impress bears, Thy presence proves ;
The seasons, as they onward roll,
Bear witness to Thy wise control ;
The streams, the hills, the rocks, the sea,
Bear token of Thy majesty !

In Thee, O Lord, we put our trust ;
We know that Thou art good and just ;
That Thou alone hast power to save
The sinner in his early grave ;
Grant us, we pray, for Thy dear Son,
That, when life's weary race is run,
Our trembling souls may meet the just,
Who place, O Lord, in Thee their trust !

“What shall I Render?”

Psalm cxvi. 12, 13.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

FOR mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all He has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I should owe Him most.

Prayer for Children.

WILLIAM COWPER.

GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By Thy mercy we are free ;
But shall these, alas ! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign ?
Israel's young ones when of old
Pharaoh threaten'd to withhold ;
Then Thy messenger said, " No ;
Let the children also go."

When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land,
Then the people's door he pass'd
Where the bloody sign was placed :
Hear us now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for these !

Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight.
Spread Thy pinions, King of kings !
Hide them safe beneath Thy wings,
Lest the ravenous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

The Lord's Prayer.

REV. EDWARD PEARSON.

FATHER of all, supremely great,
Of heaven and earth the Lord !
To Thee all creatures owe their birth ;
Be Thou by all adored !

Soon may Thy laws be truly known,
And o'er the world extend :
Soon to Thy wise and righteous sway
May all the nations bend !

As angels in the heavenly state
Thy blest commands fulfil,
So may Thy servants here on earth
Obey Thy holy will !

On Thee we day by day depend,
And on Thy care rely :
From daily dangers guard us safe,
Our daily wants supply !

Forgive our past offences, Lord !
Thy healing grace bestow :
That mercy we to others grant,
To us in mercy show !

When from without temptations call,
Or lusts incite within,
Oh, give us strength each care to shun,
And save our souls from sin.

ADDITIONAL VERSE.

THE REV. JAMES PLUMBTRE.

For Thine's the kingdom—glory Thine,
And Thine almighty power:
It was at first, it now doth shine,
And shall when Time's no more.



Nearer, my God, to Thee.

S. F. ADAMS.—*Music by Stephen Glover.*

N EARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !

And when on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to thee !

Abide with Me.

REV. H. F. LYTE.

A BIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

Not a brief glance. I beg a passing word ;
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors as the King of kings ;
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

The Humble State.

MRS HANNAH MORE.

GRATE Lord of all things ! Power divine !
Breathe on this erring heart of mine
Thy grace serene and pure ;
Defend my frail, my erring youth,
And teach me this important truth,
The humble are secure.

Teach me to bless my lowly lot,
Confined to this paternal cot,
Remote from regal state !
Content to court the cooling glade,
Inhale the breeze, enjoy the shade,
And love my humble fate.

No anxious vigils here I keep,
 No dreams of gold disturb my sleep,
 Nor lead my heart astray ;
 Nor blasting Envy's tainted gale
 Pollutes the pleasures of the vale,
 To vex my harmless day.

Yon tower which rears its head so high,
 And bids defiance to the sky,
 Invites the hostile winds :
 Yon branching oak extending wide,
 Provokes destruction by its pride,
 And courts the fall it finds.

Then let me shun th' ambitious deed,
 And all the dangerous paths which lead
 To honour falsely won :
 Lord ! in Thy sure protection blest,
 Submissive will I ever rest,
 And may Thy will be done !



“He shall Feed his Flock.”

RALPH ERSKINE.

O H, send me down a draught of love,
 Or take me hence to drink above !
 Here, Marah's water fills my cup ;
 But there, all griefs are swallow'd up.

Love here is scarce a faint desire ;
 But there, the spark's a flaming fire ;
 Joys here are drops, that passing flee ;
 But there, an overflowing sea.

My faith, that sees so darkly here,
Will there resign to vision clear ;
My hope, that's here a weary groan,
Will to fruition yield the throne.

Here fetters hamper freedom's wing ;
But there, the captive is a king ;
And grace is like a buried seed ;
But sinners there are saints indeed.

My portion here's a crumb at best ;
But there, the Lamb's eternal feast ;
My praise is now a smother'd fire ;
But then I'll sing, and never tire.

Now dusky shadows cloud my day ;
But then, the shades will flee away ;
My Lord will break the dimming glass,
And show His glory face to face.

My numerous foes now beat me down ;
But then, I'll wear the victor's crown ;
Yet all the revenues I'll bring
To Zion's everlasting King !

Light Eternal.

WILLIAM HAMMOND.

O LORD, how little do we know,
How little of Thy presence feel,
While we continue here below,
And in these earthly houses dwell !

When will these veils of flesh remove,
 And not eclipse our sight of God ?
 When wilt Thou take us up above,
 To see Thy face without a cloud ?

Show Thy omnipotence to save ;
 The characters of sin efface ;
 Thine image on our hearts engrave,
 And let us feel Thy sweet embrace !

Dart in our hearts a heavenly ray,
 A ray which still may shine more bright,
 Increasing to the perfect day,
 Till we awake in endless light !

Then shall each Star become a Sun,
 Fill'd with a lustre all Divine ;
 Each shall possess a radiant crown,
 And to eternal ages shine.



Delight in the Lord.

JOHN RYLAND.

O LORD, I would delight in Thee,
 And on Thy care depend ;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.

When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in Thy Name !

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain, which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in Thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil!
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord, I cast my care on Thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

Gratitude to God.

WILLIAM COWPER.

H OW blest Thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of Thy word,
The day springs from on high.

Through all the storms that veil the skies,
 And frown on earthly things,
 The Sun of Righteousness he eyes
 With healing on His wings.

Struck by that light, the human heart,
 A barren soil no more,
 Sends the sweet smell of grace abroad,
 Where serpents lurk'd before.

The glorious orb, whose golden beams
 The fruitful year control,
 Since first, obedient to Thy word,
 He started from the goal,

Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
 His orient rays impart ;
 But, Jesus, 'tis Thy light alone
 Can shine upon the heart.



Good Friday.

DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN.

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
 Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
 By the eyes so pale and dim,
 Streaming blood and writhing limb,
 By the flesh with scourges torn,
 By the crown of twisted thorn,
 By the side so deeply pierced,
 By the baffled burning thirst,
 By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
 Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints, who burst their tomb,
By Eden promised, ere He died,
To the felon at His side ;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad, and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew—
“ Lord ! they know not what they do ! ”
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Christ Crucified.

DEAN MILMAN.

RI DE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die :
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

**Thou art with Me.**

Psalm xxiii. 4.

J. E. CARPENTER.—*Music by J. R. Thomas.*

THOU art with me, ever with me,
Lord of mercy, King of might !
In the sunshine of the morning,
In the darkness of the night.

In sickness, when the shadow
 Of the grave was on my brow,
Thy Word the staff I leant on,
 And in health my comfort now.

Thou art with me, ever with me,
 And no evil I will fear;
In the hour of my affliction
 Thou art by my soul to cheer:
Through Thee, my Lord and Saviour,
 I am victor in the strife,
For Thy Cross the portals open'd,
 And made Death the Gate of Life.

Calvary.

BISHOP HEBER.

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,
 Gave forth His voice of thunder,
And Israel lay on earth below,
 Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
 The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love on Calvary,
 A meet and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
 In nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
 And meet His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
 The King of all created,
 Shall back return to claim His right
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,
 And hallelujahs loud and long,
 O'er death and hell defeated.



Great God, what do I See and Hear ?

[Frequently called "LUTHER'S HYMN." The first verse from the German of BENJAMIN RINGWALD ; succeeding three by Dr W. B. COLLYER.]

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created !

The Judge of mankind doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated !
 The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before :
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
 And greet th' Archangel's warning,
 To meet the Saviour in the skies
 On this auspicious morning :
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His Presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

Far over space, to distant spheres,
 The lightnings are prevailing :
 Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone ;
 They shake before the Judge's throne,
 All unprepared to meet Him.

Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring !
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

My Cross.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee ;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own !

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue :
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me ;
Show Thy face, and all is bright !

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour, loss is gain.

I have call'd Thee, Abba, Father !
 I have stay'd my heart on Thee ;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me !
 Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with Thee !

Take, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find, in every station,
 Something still to do or bear :
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee !
 What a Father's smile is thine !
 What a Saviour died to win thee !
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there !
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise !

Beneath the Cross.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

BENEATH Thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see Thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein;
Love is the spring of all His pain.

Here, Jesus, I shall ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away,
Think on Thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate Thy woes again.

The rage of Satan and of sin,
Of foes without, and fears within,
Shall ne'er my conquering soul remove,
Or from Thy cross, or from Thy love.

Secured from harms beneath Thy shade,
Here death and hell shall ne'er invade;
Nor Sinai, with its thundering noise,
Shall e'er disturb my happier joys.

Oh, unmolested happy rest,
Where inward fears are all supprest;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure.

Weeping Mary.

John xx. 11-16.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume;
But the Lord she loved was gone.

For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came His drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew Him not,
When He call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found He was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard His welcome voice :
Just before, she thought him dead ;
Now, He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd ;
On His word your burden cast,
On His love your thoughts employ ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

The Sinner's Friend.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me !

When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me !

When I have err'd and gone astray
Afar from Thine and Wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me !

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me !

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me !

When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast wash'd them all away ;
Oh say, Thou plead'st for me !



Bearing the Cross.

REV. SIR HENRY BAKER.

OH what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss ?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

Lord ! may that grace be ours ;
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here !

Enough, if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live !

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.



Rock of Ages.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne :—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The Lesson of the Cross.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRIST, my hidden Life, appear,
 Soul of my inmost soul !
 Light of life, the mourner cheer,
 And make the sinner whole !
 Now in me Thyself display ;
 Surely Thou in all things art ;
 I from all things turn away
 To seek Thee in my heart !

Open, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice !
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place ;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of Thy grace !

From the world of sin, and noise,
 And hurry, I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward Voice
 I wait with humble awe :
 Silent am I now and still ;
 Dare not in Thy presence move :
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of Thy love !

Thou hast undertook for me ;
 For me to death wast sold ;
 Wisdom in a mystery
 Of bleeding love unfold !

Teach the lesson of Thy cross ;
Let me die, with Thee to reign !
All things let me count but loss,
So I may Thee regain !

Show me, as my soul can bear,
The depth of inbred sin ;
All the unbelief declare,
The pride that lurks within :
Take me, whom Thyself hast bought !
Bring into captivity
Every high aspiring thought,
That would not stoop to Thee !

Lord, my time is in Thy hand ;
My soul to Thee convert !
Thou canst make me understand,
Though I am slow of heart.
Thine, in whom I live and move,
Thine the work, the power is Thine !
Thou art Wisdom, Power, and Love ;
And all Thou art is mine !



Man Honoured above Angels.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing !

They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain ;

Not only say, " He suffer'd thus,"
But that " He suffer'd all for us ! "

When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them all to hell ;
But Mercy form'd a wondrous plan
To save and honour fallen man.

Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still He makes it His abode ;
As man He fills the throne of God.

Our Next of kin—our Brother now—
Is He to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise His name,
But *we* the nearest interest claim.

But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

Oh glorious hour, it comes with speed !
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.



God Incarnate.

HENRY MOORE.

THE Holy Son of God most high,
For love of Adam's lapsèd race,
Left the sweet pleasure of the sky,
To bring us to that happy place.

The robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His majesty adorn,
And the frail state of mortal tried,
In human flesh and figure born.

The Son of God thus man became,
That man the Son of God might be,
And by his second birth proclaim
A likeness to His deity.

Litany to the Saviour.

DEAN HENRY HART MILMAN.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin ;
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known ;
 Though the sins were not Thine own,
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear. Amen.



There is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THREE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there would I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb ! Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me :

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form'd by power divine
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but Thine.

The Way is Long and Dreary.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE way is long and dreary,
The path is bleak and bare :
Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not despair.
More heavy was Thy burthen,
More desolate Thy way ;
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy on us !

The snows lie thick around us,
In the dark and gloomy night ;
And the tempest wails above us,
And the stars have hid their light.

But blacker was the darkness
 Round Calvary's Cross that day ;
 O Lamb of God, that takest
 The sin of the world away,
 Have mercy on us !

Our hearts are faint with sorrow,
 Heavy and sad to bear ;
 For we dread the bitter morrow,
 But we will not despair :
 Thou knowest all our anguish,
 And Thou wilt bid it cease ;
 O Lamb of God, who takest
 The sin of the world away,
 Give us Thy peace !



Litany to our Lord.

SIR R. GRANT.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
 Suffer'd once for man below,
 Bending from Thy throne on high,
 Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years ;
 By Thy life of want and tears ;
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness ;

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the gracious tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode ;
By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of whelming fear ;
By Thine agony and prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn ;
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries ;
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By Thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry ;
Hear our solemn litany.

Leaning on Jesus.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do ;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well ;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,

And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead !

And oh ! when I have safely pass'd
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for Thou hast died !
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.



The Easter Hymn.

ANONYMOUS.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia !
Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !
Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Alleluia !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Alleluia !
Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia !

But the pain which He endured,
Alleluia !
Our salvation hath procured,
Alleluia !
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia !
Where the angels ever sing.
Alleluia !

ADDITIONAL VERSE.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Sing we to our God above,
Alleluia !
Praise eternal as His love,
Alleluia !
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Alleluia !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
Alleluia !

**Christ Risen.**

REVS. JOHN CHANDLER AND ISAAC WILLIAMS.

NOW morning lifts her dewy veil
With new-born blessings crown'd ;
Oh, haste we then her light to hail
In courts of holy ground !

But Christ, triumphant o'er the grave,
Shines more divinely bright :
Oh, sing we then His power to save,
And walk we in His light !

When from the swaddling bands of shade
Sprang forth the world so fair,
In robes of brilliancy array'd,
Oh, what a Power was there !

When He, who gave His guiltless Son
A guilty world to spare,
Restored to life the Holy One,
Oh, what a Love was there !

When forth from its Creator's hand
The earth in beauty stood,
All deck'd with light at His command,
He saw, and call'd it good.

But still more lovely in His sight,
The earth still fairer stood,
When the Holy Lamb had wash'd it white
In His atoning blood.

Still, as the morning rays return,
To the pious soul 'tis given
In fancy's mirror to discern
The radiant domes of Heaven.

But now that our eternal Sun
Hath shed His beams abroad,
In Him we see the Holy One,
And mount at once to God.

Oh, holy, blessed Three in One !
May Thy pure light be given,
That we the paths of death may shun,
And keep the road to Heaven !

Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say :
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er !
 Lo, He sets in blood no more !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell !
 Death in vain forbids His rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise !

Lives again our glorious King :
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
 Once He died, our souls to save :
 Where thy victory, O Grave ?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head ;
 Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

What though once we perish'd all,
 Partners in our parents' fall ?
 Second life we all receive,
 In our Heavenly Adam live.

Risen with Him, we upward move ;
 Still we seek the things above ;

Still pursue, and kiss the Son,
Seated on His Father's throne.

Scarce on earth a thought bestow,
Dead to all we leave below ;
Heaven our aim, and loved abode,
Hid our life with Christ in God :

Hid, till Christ our Life appear
Glorious in His members here ;
Join'd to Him, we then shall shine,
All immortal, all divine.

Hail the Lord of Earth and Heaven !
Praise to Thee by both be given !
Thee we greet triumphant now !
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

King of Glory, Soul of bliss !
Everlasting life is this,—
Thee to know, Thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love !

Christ's Ascension.

HENRY MOORE.

GOD is ascended up on high
With merry noise of trumpet-sound,
And princely seated in the sky,
Rules over all the world around.

Sing praises then, sing praises loud
Unto our universal King :
He who ascended on a cloud,
To Him all laud and praises sing.

In human flesh and shape He went,
 Adornèd with His passion's scars ;
 Which in Heaven's sight He did present,
 More glorious than the glittering stars.

Oh, happy pledge of pardon sure,
 And of an endless blissful state,
 Since human nature once made pure,
 For Heaven becomes so fit a mate !

Lord, raise our sinking minds therefore,
 Up to our proper country dear ;
 And purify us evermore,
 To fit us for those regions clear.

That when He shall return again
 In clouds of glory, as He went,
 Our souls no foulness may retain,
 But be found pure and innocent.

And so may mount to His bright hosts
 On eagle wings up to the sky,
 And be conducted to the courts
 Of everlasting bliss and joy.



The Resurrection.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I GOT me flowers to strew Thy way ;
 I got me boughs from many a tree :
 But Thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light and the east perfume ;
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour ?
We count three hundred, but we miss :
There is but one, and that one ever.

Hosanna in the Highest.

BISHOP HEBER.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the highest !

“ Hosanna !” Lord, Thine angels cry ;
“ Hosanna !” Lord, Thy saints reply :
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna ! Lord, Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Where we Thy parting promise claim,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.
Hosanna in the highest !

But chiefest in our cleansèd breast
Bid Thine eternal Spirit rest ;

And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
 Hosanna in the highest !

So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna ! Lord, Hosanna in the highest !



Jesus shall Reign.

DR ISAAC WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth His successive journeys run :
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head ;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.



The Resurrection.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

WE sing His love, who once was slain,
Who soon o'er death revived again,
That all His saints through Him might have
Eternal conquests o'er the grave.

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

The saints, who now with Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away:

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ His risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!

Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

When Jesus we in glory meet,
 Our utmost joys shall be complete ;
 When landed on that heavenly shore,
 Death and the curse will be no more :
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.

Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
 And this delightful scene display,
 When all Thy saints from death shall rise
 Raptured in bliss beyond the skies !
 Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
 Shall rise to immortality.



The Two Crowns.

REV. THOMAS KELLY.

THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns,
 Is crown'd with glory now ;
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that Heaven affords
 Is His, is His by right,
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 And Heaven's eternal Light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom He manifests His love,
 And grants His Name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of Heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him :
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

To Him sing Hallelujah.

REV. ARTHUR TOZER RUSSELL.

To Him, who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,

Sing we Hallelujah !

To Him, who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,

Sing we Hallelujah !

The Promised Hour.

JOSIAH CONDER.

SEE, the ransom'd millions stand,
Palms of conquest in their hand;
This before the Throne their strain:
“Hell is vanquish'd; Death is slain;
Blessings, honour, glory, might,
Are the Conqueror's native right;
Thrones and powers before Him fall;
Lamb of God, and Lord of all!”

Hasten, Lord ! the promised hour ;
Come in glory and in power ;
Still Thy foes are unsubdued ;
Nature sighs to be renew'd ;
Time has nearly reach'd its sum ;
All things with Thy Bride say, Come ;
Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
Come, and reign for evermore !

Praise the King of Heaven.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

RAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring,
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him ;
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Saints triumphant bow before Him,
Gather'd in from every race.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace.

Songs of Praise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

The Voice of Jesus.

REV. H. BONAR, D.D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.”
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“Behold ! I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live !”
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench’d, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“I am this dark world’s light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”
I look’d to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun ;
And in that light of life I ’ll walk
Till travelling days are done.



Come to Me!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WITH tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper—Come to Me !

It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee :
Oh ! to the weary, faint, opprest,
How sweet the bidding—Come to Me !

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly props resign'd must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—Come to Me !

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me—Come to Me !

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see ;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—Come to Me !

Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy Portion—Come to Me !

Oh, voice of mercy, voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper—Come to me !

—————

The Ascension.

REV. DEAN A. P. STANLEY, D.D.

HE is gone—beyond the skies,
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;
Gone beyond the highest height
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight ;
Through the veils of time and space,
Pass'd into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we return,
And our hearts within us burn ;
Olivet no more shall greet,
With welcome shout, His coming feet ;
Never shall we thank Him more
On Gennessareth's glist'ning shore,
Never in that look or voice
Shall Zion's walls again rejoice.

He is gone—and we remain
In this world of sin and pain,
In the void which He has left ;
On this earth, of Him bereft ;
We have still His work to do,
We can still His path pursue,

Seek Him both in friend or foe,
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the Heaven of Heavens, the same
As on earth He went and came ;
In the many mansions there,
Peace for us He will prepare ;
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but not in vain ;
Wait, until He comes again ;
He is risen, He is not here,
Far above this earthly sphere ;
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find,
To our own Eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

Whitsunday.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

L ORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power !
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of Light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day !
Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide !
Oh, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified !

Whitsuntide Hymn.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay ;
A day of wrath, and not of grace ;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy dove.

The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Wing'd with the sinner's doom :
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start ;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone ;
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set ;
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

The Holy Trinity.

BISHOP HEBER.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee :
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy : there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and
sky, and sea :
Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty ;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

The Three in One.

DR ISAAC WATTS.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here
And better hopes above;
He sent His own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe;
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God ! to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One !
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.



Hymn to the Holy Spirit.

THOMAS BURRIDGE.

PRaise be Thine, most Holy Spirit,
Honour to Thy Holy Name !
May we love it, may we fear it !
 Set in everlasting fame.
Honour to Thee, praise, and glory,
 Comforter, Inspirer, Friend ;
Till these troubles transitory
 End in glory without end.

By Thy hand, in secret working,
 Like a midnight of soft rain,
Seeds that lay in silence lurking,
 Spring up green, and grow amain.
Roots, which in their dusty bosoms
 Hid an age of golden days,
Stirring with a cloud of blossoms,
 Clothe their barrenness for Thy praise.

As an island in a river,
 Vex'd with endless rave and roar,
Keeps an inner silence ever
 On its consecrated shore,
Flower'd with flowers, and green with grasses :
 So the poor through Thee abide ;
Every outer care that passes
 Deepening more the peace inside.

When our heart is faint Thou warmest,
 Justifiest our delight ;
Thou our ignorance informest,
 And our wisdom shapest right ;

Hope, the weary one, Thou lendest,
 In the hour of doubt and strife ;
 Thou beginnest, and Thou endest,
 All that Christians count of life.

Veni Creator Spiritus.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart :
 Thy blessed unction from above,
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
 Enable, with perpetual light,
 The dulness of our blinded sight :
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of Thy grace :
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
 Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
 That, through the ages all along,
 This may be our endless song ;
 Praise to Thy eternal merit,
 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Hymn of Praise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
 God of hosts, when heaven and earth
 Out of darkness, at Thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eye beheld them good,
While they sung with one accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy ! Thee
 One Jehovah ever more ;
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore :
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by Thee redeem'd,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

Holy, holy, holy ! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransom'd victims fall
 At the footstool of their King :
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
Round the throne, with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !



Litany to the Holy Spirit.

ROBERT HERRICK.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,
 Sick in heart, and sick in head,
 And with doubts disquieted
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,
 And the world is drown'd in sleep,
 Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I'm toss'd about
 Either with despair or doubt,
 Yet before the glass be out,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And reproves me for untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is reveal'd,
 And that open'd which was seal'd,
 When to Thee I have appeal'd;
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me.



God the Spirit.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

Baptize the nations far and nigh ;
The triumphs of Thy Cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

God from eternity hath will'd
All flesh shall His salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd through Thee !



Thou, whose Almighty Word.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light !

Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On Thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and light,
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Sight to the inly blind,
 Oh, now to all mankind
 Let there be light !

Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Spreading the beams of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light !

Blessèd and Holy Three,
 Glorious Trinity,
 Grace, Love, and Might !
 Boundless as ocean's tide,
 Rolling in fullest pride,
 Through the earth, far and wide,
 Let there be light !



Hymn for Trinity Sunday.

REV. HENRY MARCHMONT.

HOLY, Holy, Holy ! unceasing anthems swelling,
 Saints ever sing in concert round Thy throne ;
 Thou, in cloudless splendour, hast Thine eternal dwelling,
 Glorious and great ! Thou, Lord, art God alone.
 Triune Jehovah, Holy Trinity ;
 Ever undivided, perfect Unity ;
 God in Three Persons, to all eternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! bright angels ever praising,
All strike their harps to saintly strains on high ;
Lost in awe and rapture while on Thy glory gazing,
Wond'ring with joy, Thy greatness magnify.
Triune Jehovah, &c.

Holy, Holy, Holy! they day and night adore Thee,
Nor cease nor tire in their glad work of praise ;
And as they prostrate fall and cast their crowns before Thee,
All Heaven resounds with their triumphant lays.
Triune Jehovah, &c.

Holy, Holy, Holy! we penitents adoring,
Trembling with awe would sing with choirs above.
Till, far beyond this sphere of sin and sorrow soaring,
In holier songs we sing Thy power and love.
Triune Jehovah, &c.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God of our salvation,
Thou hast redeem'd and bought us with Thy blood ;
Thou alone art worthy of highest adoration,
Thee we adore, our Saviour and our God.
Triune Jehovah, &c.

Holy, Holy, Holy! blest Father, Son, and Spirit !
Equal in mercy, majesty, and might,
Infinite in glory, and infinite in merit,
Thee may we praise with all Thy " saints in light."
Triune Jehovah, &c.

Harvest Hymn.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.



Lord of the Harvest.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH ANSTICE.

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain ;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year ;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings :
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task ;
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread :
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need :
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

Harvest Home.

DEAN H. ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise a song of harvest home !
 All is safely gather'd in,
 Ere the winter-storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise a song of Harvest-Home !

We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
 First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear ;
 Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come
 And shall take His harvest home !
 From His field shall purge away
 All that doth offend, that day ;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast,
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-Home !
 All are safely gather'd in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;

There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide.
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home !

Harvest Hymn.

MRS ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days !
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use :

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sickening flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
 The early and the latter rain ;
 Blast each opening bud of joy,
 And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love Thee for Thyself alone !



Sunny Days in Winter.

D. F. MACARTHY.

SUMMER is a glorious season,
 Warm, and bright, and pleasant ;
 But the past is not a reason
 To despise the present !
 So, while health can climb the mountain,
 And the log lights up the hall,
 There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms ;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perish'd in our arms :
But the memory of the vanish'd
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all !

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh—
All the best are dead ;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed ;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossom'd,
Hangs its coral ball :
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Summer trees are pretty—very,
And I love them well ;
But this holly's glistening berry
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all !

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent ;—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God has sent ;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all !

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart ;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart ;

Though the tomb looms in the distance,
 And the mourning pall,
 There is sunshine, and no winter, after all !

Lord of the Harvest.

REV. JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY.

LORD of the harvest ! Thee we hail ;
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
 The varying seasons haste their round,
 With goodness all our years are crown'd :
 Our thanks we pay
 This holy day ;
 Oh let our hearts in tune be found !

If Spring doth wake the song of mirth,
 If Summer warms the fruitful earth ;
 When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
 Or Autumn yields its ripen'd grain ;
 Still do we sing
 To Thee, our King ;
 Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
 Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
 When sounds of music fill the air,
 As homeward all their treasures bear ;
 We too will raise
 Our hymn of praise,
 For we Thy common bounties share.

Lord of the harvest ! all is Thine !
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,

The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound !

New, every year,
Thy gifts appear ;
New praises from our lips shall sound !

The Sower.

W. COWPER.

YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground ;
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

The seed that finds a stony soil
Shoots forth a hasty blade ;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.

The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there ;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear

The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain ;
The watchful birds the spoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

But where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field,
How plenteous is the golden store
The deep-wrought furrows yield !

Father of mercies, we have need
 Of Thy preparing grace ;
 Let the same hand that gives the seed
 Provide a fruitful place !



Hymn to the Seasons.

BISHOP HEBER.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
 When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,
 In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade ;
 The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy glade ;
 The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way ;
 The moon, and stars, their Maker's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,—
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?
 No ; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
 Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour Thee.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade,
 The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade,
 The wind be lull'd, the sun and moon forget their old decree,
 But we in Nature's latest hour, O Lord ! will cling to Thee.

Eternal Source of every Joy.

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

ETERNAL source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

The flowery spring at Thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores,
And winters, soften'd by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade !

Oh ! may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more !

The Leaf.

Isaiah lxiv. 6.

BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling
Dry and wither'd to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :

Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
 Blighted when like us he fell,
 Hear the lecture we are reading,
 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
 On your boasted white and red,
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Number'd now among the dead.
 Griping misers, nightly waking,
 See the end of all your care ;
 Fled on wings of our own making,
 We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
 Flattering high in fancied worth,
 Lo ! the fickle air that raises,
 Brings us down to parent earth.
 Learnèd sophs in systems jaded,
 Who for new ones daily call,
 Cease, at length by us persuaded,
 Every leaf must have its fall.

Youths, though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay in health and manly grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
 Summer gives to autumn place.
 Venerable sires, grown hoary,
 Hither turn th' unwilling eye ;
 Think amidst your falling glory,
 Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 Thus we preach this truth concerning
 "Heaven and earth shall pass away."

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

Saints in Heaven.

Rev. vii. 13-17.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT are these in bright^{*}array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
“Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.”

These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Seal’d with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer’s might,
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne
Shall to living fountains lead :

Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fear ;
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tear.



The Saints in Heaven.

ISAAC WATTS AND W. CAMERON.

HOW bright those glorious spirits shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
 Who came to realms of light :
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray ;
 God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, who reigns upon the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

O Happy Saints.

JOHN BERRIDGE.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white ;
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life ;
An open'd cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

He cheers them with eternal smile ;
They sing hosannas all the while ;
Or, overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at His feet.

Ah, Lord ! with tardy steps I creep,
 And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep ;
 Yet strip me of this house of clay,
 And I will sing as loud as they.



Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

ANONYMOUS.

JERUSALEM, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold ;
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?

Oh when, thou city of my God,
 Shall I thy courts ascend ;
 Where congregations ne'er break up
 And Sabbaths have no end ?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

Praise the Lord.

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

RAISE the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love.
Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Praise the Lord, His mercies trace ;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son :
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts ;
All that breathe, your Lord adore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Christ's Followers.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came ;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel :
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

The Home of Rest.

REV. SIR HENRY BAKER, BART.

THERE is a blessed home
 Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
 Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
 And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
 Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well ;
Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
Around its glorious Throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
 In hands, and feet, and side ;
To give to Him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
 The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

Submission.

From "The Child's Christian Year."

O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on Thee,
 If we from self could rest ;
 And feel at heart that One above
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,
 How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden wild alarms ;
 Oh, could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On Thine Almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lighten'd cheer ;
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famish'd raven's cry,
 Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should ;
 So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
 But birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all the present evil preach
 Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
 Leave all things to a Father's will
 And taste, before Him lying still,
 E'en in affliction peace.

Blessed are those who fear the Lord.

JOHN DUFF.—*Music by E. L. Hime.*

HOPELESS are those who shun the Lord,
Who turn from truth aside,
Who peril all to gather wealth,
Who languish in their pride ;
Troubled their dreams at night shall be,
Sorrow will dim their day,
No cheering voice to breathe of hope ;
Friendless they 'll pass away.

Bless'd are those who fear the Lord,
Who lead a spotless life,
Who never did a deed of wrong,
Or plunged in angry strife :
Placid and calm their days shall be,
With sweet contentment blest ;
No anxious thoughts shall cloud the hour
They seek eternal rest.

◆◆◆

The Glory of Heaven.

BISHOP RICHARD MANT.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Fill'd His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.

“Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
“Earth is with its fulness stored ;
“Unto Thee be glory given,
“Holy, holy, holy, Lord !”

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High!"

With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

"Lord, Thy Glory fills the heaven,
 "Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 "Unto Thee be glory given,
 "Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"



Longing to be with Christ.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

LE T me be with Thee where Thou art,
 My Saviour, my eternal Rest !
 Then only will this longing heart
 Be fully and for ever blest !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Thy unveil'd glory to behold ;
 Then only will this wandering heart
 Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
 Where spotless saints Thy Name adore :
 Then only will this sinful heart
 Be evil and defiled no more !

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, and none remove,
Where neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love !

A Morning Hymn.

MRS H. MORE.

SOFT slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renew'd ;
May my freed spirit too awake
With heavenly strength endued.

Thou silent murderer, sloth, no more
My mind imprison'd keep ;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon, sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavish'd hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and pass'd in pain,
What treasures they would give.

But seas of pearl, and mines of gold,
Were offer'd them in vain ;
Their pearl of countless price is lost,
And where's the promised gain ?

Lord, when Thy day of dread account
For squander'd hours shall come,
Oh ! let not this increase th' amount,
Nor swell the former sum.

Teach me in health each good to prize,
 I, dying, shall esteem ;
 And every pleasure to despise,
 I then shall worthless deem.



Star of Morn and Even.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

STAR of morn and even,
 Sun of Heaven's heaven ;
 Saviour high and dear,
 Toward us turn Thine ear ;
 Through whate'er may come,
 Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,
 Those we lean on leave us,
 Though the coward heart
 Quit its proper part,
 Though the Tempter come,
 Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour pure and holy,
 Lover of the lowly,
 Sign us with Thy sign,
 Take our hands in Thine,
 Take our hands and come,
 Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,
 Shine on us from heaven,
 From Thy glory-throne
 Hear Thy very own !
 Lord and Saviour, come,
 Lead us to our home !

Morn.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night !
Day-spring from on high be near,
Day-star in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief !
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day !

Morning Light.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

ORD God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light ;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.

Fresh hopes have waken'd in our hearts,
 Fresh energy to do our parts ;
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore,
 A thousandfold to serve Thee more.

Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
 Oft what we would we cannot do ;
 The sun may stand in zenith skies,
 But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights ! 'tis Thou alone
 Canst make our darken'd hearts Thine own :
 Though this new day with joy we see,
 O Dawn of God ! we cry for Thee !

Praise God, our Maker and our Friend !
 Praise Him through time, till time shall end !
 Till psalm and song His Name adore
 Through Heaven's great day of Evermore !



On Going to Labour.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd
 Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil ;
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thine acceptable will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above,
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

For Thee delightfully employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to Heaven.

The Morning Hymn.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay Thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent redeem ;
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
 Let thy own light to others shine ;
 Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
 In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who, all night long, unwearied sing
 High praise to the Eternal King.

Awake ! Awake ! Ye heavenly choir,
 May your devotion me inspire,
 That I, like you, my age may spend,
 Like you may on my God attend !

May I, like you, in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight,
 Perform like you my Maker's will !
 Oh, may I never more do ill !

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly ;
 But God shall that defect supply ;
 And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,
 Shall all day long to Heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept !
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless light partake !

I would not wake, nor rise again,
 Even Heaven itself I would disdain,
 Wert Thou not there to be enjoy'd,
 And I in hymns to be employ'd !

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;
 Oh, never then from me depart !

For, to my soul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Happy Life.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of His grace than gifts to lend,
 And entertains the harmless day,
 With a religious book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.



The Evening Hymn.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed !
 To die, that this vile body may
 Rise glorious at the awful day !

O may my soul on Thee repose ;
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;

Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make
To serve my God when I awake !

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest !

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !
I am but half my time alive :
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains !
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it a hallelujah dart !

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds ;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see !

Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

Oh, may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep ;
His love angelical instil ;
Stop all the avenues of ill :

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse ;

Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



An Evening Hymn.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin :
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

Eventide.

ANNA BLACKWELL.

HOW sweet the fall of eve,
When, in the glowing West,
The sun hath sunk to rest,
Yet shining footprints on the air doth leave ;
While through the deep'ning twilight, soft and low
The fragrant evening breezes come and go !

How beautiful, when light
Hath fled, and leaf and stream
Rest in a quiet dream
Within the curtaining shadows of the night ;
While troops of stars look down with dewy rays
And flowers droop their eyes beneath their gaze.

How silent is the air !
Who would not at such a shrine
To holier thoughts incline ?
The ever-tranquil night was made for prayer,
On the hush'd earth, from the o'erarching sky,
Doth not a solemn benediction lie ?

And when the hours of night
 Have slowly roll'd away,
 And the victorious day
 Athwart the kindling air speeds arrowy light,
 How gloriously, as in a second birth,
 Awake to radiant life the heavens and earth.

So, when Life's eve shall fall,
 Within my peaceful breast
 Oh ! may Thy presence rest
 Soft as the hush of night, Father of All !
 So, from the sleep of death, with quickening ray,
 Wake me to radiant life, Thou God of day !

For the Morning of the Sabbath.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TO Thy temple I repair ;
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 When, within the veil, I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

Thou, through Him, art reconciled ;
 I, through Him, became Thy child ;
 Abba, Father ! give me grace
 In Thy courts to seek Thy face !

While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the Lord my Righteousness !

While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love ! to mine attend !

Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes !

While I hearken to Thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe ;
Till Thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality :

While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky !

From Thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day !

Sunday.

GEORGE HERBERT.

O DAY most calm, most bright !
The fruit of this, the next world's bud ;
Th' indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood :
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light ;
Thy torch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are
On which Heaven's palace archèd lies :
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities,

They are the fruitful bed and borders
 In God's rich garden : that is bare,
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal, glorious King.
 On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope ;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.



A Sunday Hymn.

DR COTTON.

THIS is the day the Lord of life
 Ascended to the skies,
 My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,
 And to the heavens arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
 From this celestial road ;
 Nor all the honours of the earth
 Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
 The joys that are on high,
 Nor meanly rest contented here
 With worlds beneath the sky.

Heaven is the birthplace of the saints,
 To heaven their souls ascend ;
 Th' Almighty owns His favourite race
 As Father and as Friend.

Oh ! may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch my lot shall be
And death shall call me hence.

The Day of Rest.

REV. W. MASON.—*Air by Pleyell.*

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest.
When, like His own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise the sage decree,
From “vain deceit and false philosophy,”
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn His will, and all we learn obey,
In pure Religion’s hallow’d duties share,
And join in penitence and join in prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy pleased receive
The only tribute man has power to give,
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Baptismal Hymn.

DEAN H. ALFORD.

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We paint the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy font
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou shalt not tread
The paths He travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own :
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share his throne.

**Communion Hymn.**

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow ?

- Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for them the Victim slain ?
Are they forbid the children's bread ?

Oh, let Thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;
For, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord !
And bid our drooping graces live,
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's love alone can give.



Invitation to the Sacrament.

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

THE Lord of Hosts a feast prepares,
And bids the poor and needy come :
Ye wanderers haste, for He declares
For every sinner there is room.

Ye broken-hearted, self-abhorr'd,
 Who groan beneath the weight of sin,
 Approach the table of the Lord,
 His word hath power to make you clean.

Ye faithful followers of the Lord,
 Whom the unthinking world despise,
 Who boldly dare His love record,
 Now let your prayers like incense rise.

Here in the mystic bread and wine
 Your Saviour's death you see display'd ;
 Here the Redeemer's glories shine,
 'Tis here His faithful ones are fed.

Ye, who your Saviour love, draw near,
 Once more your sacred covenant seal,
 His own blest ordinance revere,
 And all your wants to Him reveal.

Wayfaring pilgrims bound for heaven,
 And travelling through a dangerous road,
 Lord, let Thy grace to us be given,
 And guide us to Thy blest abode.

May all who now assemble here,
 And Jesus "Lord and Master" call ;
 In yon bright realms of bliss appear,
 Where God we know is All in All !



Holy Matrimony.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not pass'd away :

Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

For dower of blessed children,
For love and faith's sweet sake,
For high mysterious union
Which nought on earth may break.

Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gavest to Adam
Out of his own pierced side ;

Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands ;

Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

Oh, spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
 Let no ill power find place,
 When onward to Thine Altar
 The hallow'd path they trace.

To cast their crowns before Thee
 In perfect sacrifice,
 Till to the home of gladness
 With Christ's own Bride they rise.



The Child.

REV. JOHN NEWTON.

QUIET, Lord, my foward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild ;
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanèd child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care ;
 Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love !

Children Praising Christ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHEN Jesus left His Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

Jesus pass'd by the rich and great
For men of low degree ;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was He.

Sweet were His words, and kind His look,
When mothers round him press'd ;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom bless'd.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath His watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of His arms
May we for ever lie !

When Jesus into Salem rode,
 The children sang around ;
 For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strowed
 Their garments on the ground.

Hosanna our glad voices raise,
 Hosanna to our King !
 Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
 The stones themselves would sing !



Hymn for a Child.

REV. JOHN S. B. MONSELL, D.D.

GOD of that glorious gift of grace
 By which Thy people seek Thy face,
 When in Thy presence we appear,
 Vouchsafe us faith to venture near !

Confiding in Thy truth alone,
 Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
 We lay the treasure thou hast given
 To be received and rear'd for Heaven.

Lent to us for a season, we
 Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee !
 Assured that, if to Thee he live,
 We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed,
 Warm as these prayers, upon his head !
 And on his soul the dews of grace,
 Fresh as these drops upon his face !

Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled !
Possessor here of grace and love ;
Inheritor of Heaven above !

The Childhood of Christ.

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows ;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill.
Of Sharon's dewy rose :
So such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is lifted up to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away ;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passions' rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crown'd
Were all alike divine :
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Anticipations of Heaven.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FOR ever with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be !

Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality !

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul ! how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear !

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above !

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongues o'erpower.

For ever with the Lord !
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word ;
And oft repeat before the throne,
For ever with the Lord.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

ALEXANDER POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life !

Hark !—they whisper,—angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away.”
What is this absorbs me quite,—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes, it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes : my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

BISHOP HEBER.—*Music by Sir H. Bishop.*

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile ;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny !
 Salvation ! O Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till like a sea of glory
 It spreads from pole to pole,

Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

Sound the Loud Timbrel.

THOMAS MOORE.—*Air, Avison.*

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.
 Sing ! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen all splendid and brave.
 How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
 His breath was our arrow, His word was our sword.
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
 For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumph'd—His people are free.

Wisdom.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ERE God had built the mountains,
 Or raised the fruitful hills ;
 Before He fill'd the fountains
 That fed the running rills ;

In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my Name.

When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swathed about the swelling
Of Ocean's mighty flood ;
He wrought by weight and measure,
And I was with Him then :
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And Mine, the sons of men.

Thus Wisdom's words discover
Thy glory and Thy grace,
Thou everlasting Lover
Of our unworthy race !
Thy gracious eye survey'd us
Ere stars were seen above ;
In wisdom Thou hast made us,
And died for us in love.

And couldst Thou be delighted
With creatures such as we,
Who, when we saw Thee, slighted
And nail'd Thee to a tree ?
Unfathomable wonder !
And mystery divine !
The voice that speaks in thunder,
Says, " Sinner, I am thine ! "

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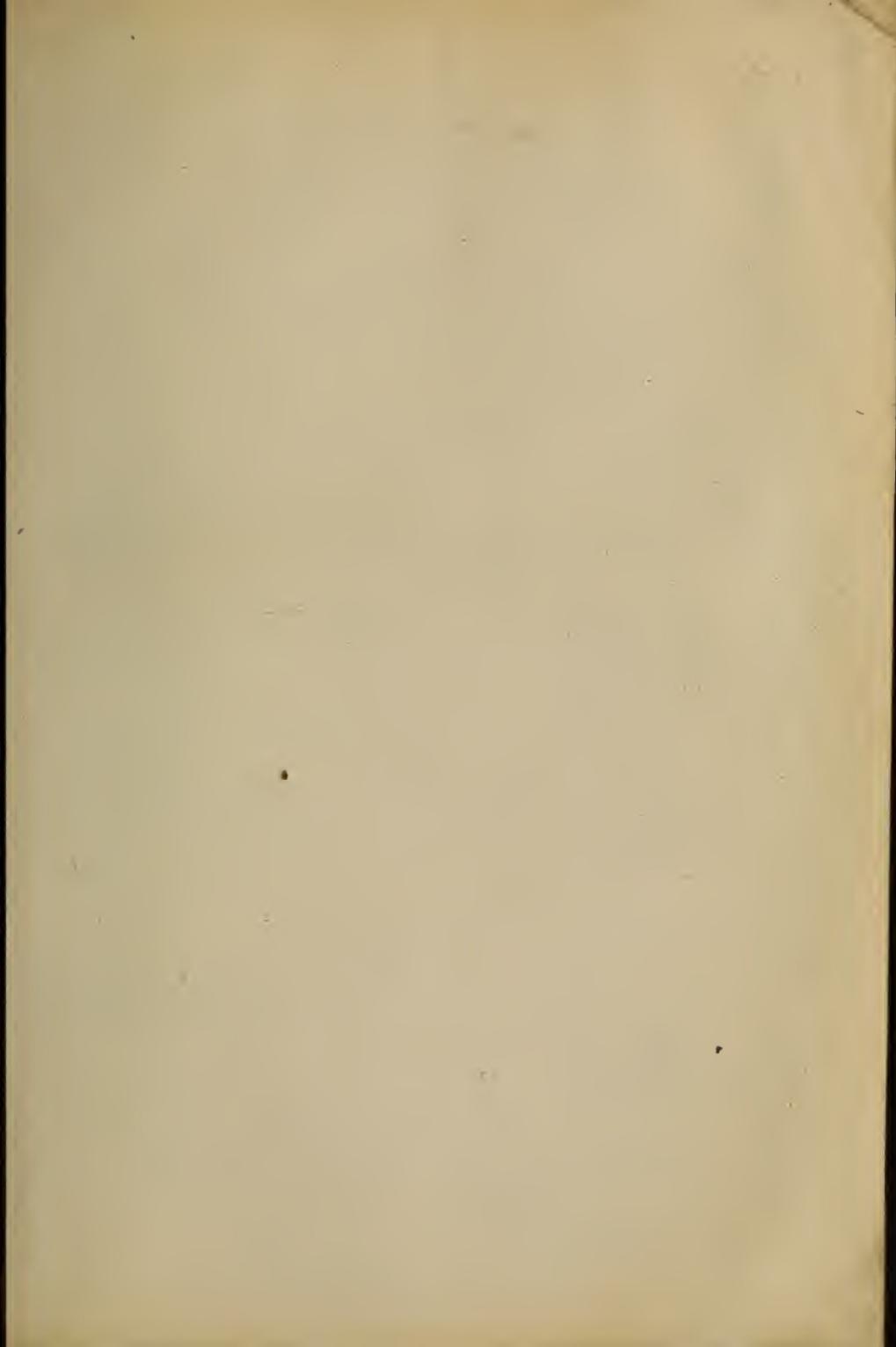
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